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The Sunday Oregonian

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WHERE FASHION REIGNS

Society Revels in Musical Diversion the Past Week.

REMNANT TO VERNONA JARBEAU

A Terpsichorial Week in Social Circles—The Owls' Social—Assembly Party Next Tuesday—Personal Mention.

4 Symphony.

LAST YEAR.

[illegible] described on the beach by the bright summer sea.

(He and She),

[illegible] paid any attention to me

[illegible]ke and Shel.

[illegible] speech, and to all that he said

[illegible] listened and hung down her head,

[illegible] gathering blushes her face overlaid—

Dear me!

THIS YEAR.

[illegible]-Cut are seen on the beach by the sea,

(She and He),

[illegible] Darby and Joan is as plain as can be,

(She and He).

[illegible] wifeshe lays down the law—

[illegible] submissive the store never saw—

[illegible] that the kitten has claws in her paw.

Dear me!

Fashion's Foibles.

[illegible] hat, a Garrick jacket, a velvet [illegible] and suede gloves in brown is an artist's idea of a street costume.

[illegible] buy any color or any dot of veil-[illegible] one on a wire, warranted to hug [illegible] bonnet-frame designed.

[illegible] the garter! Some one has devised [illegible] a stocking with a draw-string [illegible] with an ornamental bow, buckle or [illegible] of silk flowers.

[illegible] bills of fashion, progress and pre-[illegible] has no piano, but adjoining her [illegible] apartment is a small gymnasium, [illegible] up with all manner of apparatus, [illegible] the exercises before and after most [illegible].

[illegible] girls are at home in Greek gowns [illegible] classic cut and artistic finish, done in [illegible] or white crape de chine. Fringed [illegible] and girdled with link, cord or [illegible], these gowns are very charming. [illegible] taste, $2 worth of colored or [illegible] and a graceful carriage will suffice [illegible] a replica.

[illegible] can fritter away a fortune on hats. [illegible] Not only are cateyes, amethysts, [illegible] and amber jewels beautifully cut and [illegible], but antique buttons are sought [illegible] run on the pin and counted [illegible] and ornamentally ancestral. Fancy [illegible] $5 for a flat-pin button of the Eliza-[illegible] age, and B. Franklin's philosophy [illegible] each.

[illegible] of rings is the snake, that writh-[illegible] wriggling, creeping thing, symbolic of [illegible], silence and eternity. The purity [illegible] sentiment is in the gold bands; strength [illegible] in silver, and inexpensive gar-[illegible] in turquoise or carbuncle jewels on the [illegible]. Hundreds of these curious rings are [illegible] accepted for luck, and so conse-[illegible] become priceless as talismans. A [illegible] ring may be taken off to make room [illegible] a splendid seal or solitaire, but the [illegible] emblem never. Such is the vagary [illegible].

Girls and Jewelry.

Fashion makes certain wise laws for the [illegible] of jewelry, says the *Ladies' Home Journal*. People who break these laws and [illegible] too much are at once showing ignorance and lack of that fine taste which is at the best of everything which fashion dictates. You may have rings innumerable—[illegible] as the famous being who adorned [illegible] fingers and toes with them—but that is [illegible] reason why you need look like a heathen goddess, or as if you were anxious to let all [illegible] see at one time just how many golden circlets you possess. You who [illegible] the beauty of youth do not need to [illegible] jewelry—a little ring if you will, [illegible] brooch, and perhaps a bangle [illegible] your wrist, but not an arm covered [illegible] them. There is nothing more vulgar [illegible] to have thirteen bangles, as has one [illegible] woman, who triumphantly points to them [illegible] tokens of their being given each by a different admirer. Every time she announces [illegible] that she falls thirteen degrees lower in [illegible] mind of the listener, and yet, although [illegible] is quick-witted and a nice girl, she [illegible] seem to comprehend that in exact-[illegible] opposite from her men friends she is in a [illegible] her smiles. Don't wear a ring [illegible] upon forefinger, and don't believe, because actresses and women who think [illegible] odd is being individual, wear rings on [illegible] thumbs, that it is a proper thing for [illegible] to do.

SOCIETY HAPPENINGS.

It would be hard to conceive of a more [illegible] week, in so far as private social life is [illegible] concerned, than that just closed. Society [illegible] seemed to devote itself almost entirely to [illegible] the operatic season, and, besides a [illegible] minor events, nothing especially worthy [illegible] mention has taken place in the social [illegible]. The present week, however, promises to be more lively, the Assembly club [illegible] to-night Tuesday evening being the most important social event announced.

Mrs. Knapp's Breakfast.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Knapp gave a 11 o'clock breakfast yesterday morning at their elegant residence to Mr. and Mrs. Jeff D. Carothers (Miss Vernona Jarbeau.) The [illegible] was brilliantly decorated with flowers [illegible] the dining room especially was a thing [illegible] beauty, with its costly floral embellishment, and the superb damask table cover, especially embroidered in miniature sun flowers and vine work. In the center of the table was an immense oblong wicker ward [illegible], tastefully filled to overflowing with [illegible] fragrant heliotrope and hyacinths [illegible] many hues and varieties. At each plate [illegible] was a hand-painted scenes in Japan. At [illegible] plate was a basket of violets, [illegible] and while, while the gentlemen re-[illegible] boutonnieres of lovely orchids. The [illegible] was copiously dispensed in costly service of silver, rare old china and heavy cut glass. The bright hostess and the equally brilliant particular guest, Miss Jarbeau, made [illegible] for sparkling wit. Those present besides [illegible] the host and hostess were Mr. and Mrs. [illegible], Mr. Lawrence Knapp, Mr. and [illegible], Mr. W. J. Vanschuyver, and Mr. F. M. [illegible].

The Owls.

Last Tuesday evening The Owls held another of their pleasant parties at G. A. R. hall. The weather being cool and the stars shining brightly had the effect of giving inspiration to the scene, and throughout the [illegible] it was noticed that every one was [illegible] as if possible, a more pleasant time [illegible] any of the former parties. It was expected that the counter attraction at the Marquam Grand would have the effect of [illegible] the attendance, but such was not the case, the attendance being as large as on any of the former occasions. It was a few minutes past 9 when a burst of melody ran through the hall; it was the orchestra, stationed in the west end of the hall, starting the overture to the grand march. The promenade was a feature of the evening's enjoyment, many new figures being introduced in the course of the march. The floor was in fine condition, which, with the good music, aided materially in the evening's enjoyment. A new dance, "The Owls' Newport," by Roos, was played during the evening, and was so enthusiastically received that an encore was given. Those present were:

Miss Lotta Henion, Miss May Cook, Miss Louise Bell, Miss Josie Sullivan, Miss Emma Fliedner, Miss Bertie Fliedner, Miss Ella Buck, Miss Katie Buck, Miss Esther Olayson, Miss Dolly Rowley, Miss May Wariner, Miss Louise Ross, Miss Leala Wilmer, Miss Mina Capen, Miss Edith Capen, Miss Tessie Rodgers, Mrs. T. L. Johnson, Mrs. W. S. Craw, Mrs. J. J. Kadderly, Mrs. F. Brown, and the following Owls: Mr. T. L. Johnson, Mr. W. S. Craw, Mr. J. J. Kadderly, Mr. Fred N. Henion, Mr. L. K. Pearson, Mr. H. W. Beebe, Mr. E. E. Martin, Mr. C. Kennell, Mr. T. F. White Mr. W. E. Jacobs, Mr. John Rodgers, Mr. F. Gundorph, Mr. W. Clayson, Mr. H. C. Telfer, Mr. A. Berni, Mr. J. P. Tyghe, Mr. H. F. Weidemann, Mr. Frank Capen, Mr. Frank Smith, Mr. T. Edward Wallace, Mr. J. M. Dixon, Mr. H. W. Lambert, Mr. Hugh Glen, Mr. E. D. Dewert, Mr. Wm. Mall, Mr. David Rosenberg, Mr. Albert Werlein and others.

School Entertainment.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather Friday, the attendance at the dramatic and literary entertainment given in Armory hall by the East Portland High School Society, was very large, and the entertainment was a complete success in all respects. The drama "Nevada, or the Lost Mine," was rendered, with the following cast:

Nevada, the wanderer	Will Crosier
Vermont, an old miner	Charles Bow
Tom Carew, Dandy Dick,	Young miners.	Chrisa Bell W. Morse
Silas Steele, missionary of health	
Jorden, a detective	Willie Niedermark
Jube, a colored miner	Charles Sunderland
Win Kye, Chinaman	Frank Bennett
Mother Merton	Miss Mabel Coburn
Agnes Fairley	Miss Olive Luelling
Moselle, a waif	Miss Nellie Warnock

This play is composed of three acts, and was well performed. It was followed by "The Old Arm Chair," illustrated, and the "Japanese Fan Drill." The entertainment, was given for the purpose of raising funds to pay for an organ for the Central building, and the High School Society deserves much credit. The proceeds last night were substantial, but would have been much larger had the weather been more favorable.

A Wedding Party.

The wedding of Miss Annie Neuberg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Neuburg, to Mr. Charles Conroy was solemnized on last Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, on Sixteenth and S streets. The bridesmaid of the occasion was Miss Celia Neuburg, sister of the bride, and the groomsman was Mr. Daniel Conroy, brother of the groom. A reception was held at the house at 8 o'clock, and after inspecting the presents, which were numerous and costly, the party sat down to a sumptuous supper and passed a couple of hours in a delightful manner, and Mr. Charles Beebe, Mr. E. E. Martin, Mr. C. Kennell, Mr. T. F. White Mr. W. E. Jacobs, Mr. John Rodgers, Mr. F. Gundorph, Mr. W. Clayson, Mr. H. C. Telfer, Mr. A. Berni, Mr. J. P. Tyghe, Mr. H. F. Weidemann, Mr. Frank Capen, Mr. Frank Smith, Mr. T. Edward Wallace, Mr. J. M. Dixon, Mr. H. W. Lambert, Mr. Hugh Glen, Mr. E. D. Dewert, Mr. Wm. Mall, Mr. David Rosenberg, Mr. Albert Werlein and others.

Social Club Reading Rooms.

Owing to the inclement and stormy weather the opening of the social club and reading rooms on J, between Eleventh and Twelfth streets, was deferred, but at the request of several gentlemen the rooms were opened Wednesday night at 7:30 o'clock. In order to meet the running expenses the privilege of membership is placed at $1 a month, or $5 for six months, which is reasonable considering this includes use of the books, papers, magazines, billiards, etc. Any person over 16 years of age, of good moral character, can become a member. If sufficient interest is taken in this commendable enterprise, the rooms will be furnished and finished in the best possible manner. The enterprise was started by Rev. Verhaag, who put up the building at his own expense. Thesole object is the social, mental and moral improvement of the members.

Drive Whist Party.

On Wednesday evening last, Mrs. Edward K. Haseltine gave a charming drive whist party at her beautiful home on Stout and West Main streets. The guests arrived at 8 o'clock, and after an hour or so spent in social conversation, the game began and lasted until midnight, when delicious refreshments were served on tete-a-tete tables. The fortunate winners of the grand prizes were Mrs. Lord and Dr. N. R. Cox, while Mrs. E. D. Baker and Mr. W. P. Woodard carried off the booby prizes. It was a late hour when the guests departed for their homes, having spent a delightful evening.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Ewd. K. Haseltine, Dr. and Mrs. N. R. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Woodard, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Baker, Mrs. Lord, Mr. L. H. Parker, Mr. Will Holbrman, Mr. Harry Haseltine and Mr. Carl Haseltine.

Birthday Party.

Saturday evening, February 8, witnessed a most pleasant birthday party given by Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Ross, of East Portland, to their daughter Louise. The evening was spent in French charades, playing fabu baga, luncheon and dancing until 12 o'clock. Those who participated were:

Misses Jessie and Allie Samuels, Addie Mink, Mabel Kratz, Etta Beno, Carrie M. Pupe, Elva and Maggie Dolan, Albertine Berni, Annie Busby, Carrie and Louise Ross, Messrs. H. Brown, W. W. Bolton, C. C. Smith, Robert and Fred McMonies, Harry Holgate, Fred Coffin, Franc Main quist, Albert Berni, Phil Brady, C. C. McDonald, W. Love and John Gwilt.

An Entertaining Evening.

The Wm. G. Eliot fraternity gave a most delightful supper on Tuesday evening last in the chapel of the Unitarian society. There were about sixty visitors present, and the evening was pleasantly spent in music, readings and social converse, not omitting the gastronomic entertainment, which consisted of four courses. Miss Lena Morgan and Miss Eliot sang a duet in a very pleasing manner, and sundry instrumental solos were played to the delight of all present. It was in every way a most enjoyable evening.

Sperry-Jaynes.

The marriage of Miss Minnie Sperry, of East Portland, with Mr. A. A. Jaynes, of Arlington, took place Thursday night at her father's residence on Twelfth and S streets. The bride is a highly respected young lady and has a host of friends in East Portland. The couple will make their home at Arlington.

Eaton-Dempole.

Mr. E. Dempole, a merchant of Spokane Falls, and Mrs. Marie Eaton, were married on Wednesday morning at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. E. H. Freeman, 301 Columbia street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. H. Landon, and was very quiet, members of the family only being present. Mr. and Mrs. Dempole left the same morning for the Sound, and will be at home in Spokane Falls after March 1.

Portland Zither Club Club Concert.

The following is the programme to be rendered by the Portland Zither Club at their concert at New Arlion hall, Thursday evening next at 8 o'clock:

Zither Verein Gruss—Club.
Laedler—(Duet.)
Concert Polka—(Solo.)
Abenddaemerung Trio.
Andante Violin duet.
Lorelay Fantasia—Club.
Walzer—(Zither) duet.
Von Bergsee—(Quintette.)
Schumeh Lieder—(Violin solo.)
Prinz Carl March—Club.

Social Hop at Bishop Scott Academy.

A very enjoyable evening was had at Bishop Scott Academy last evening, upon the occasion of the last social hop before Lent. Some sixty ladies were in attendance, and all enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content.

Personal Mention.

Mr. W. B. Ayer has gone to New York for a short business trip.

Messrs. Collins and Bailey of Seattle spent several days in the city last week.

Mr. N. J. Levinson came over from Port Townsend last week to attend the opera.

Miss Lillie Lee will leave next week for San Francisco, where she will spend several weeks visiting friends.

Mr. W. P. Noble left for an Eastern trip on Monday last. He will visit the Southern states before his return.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Malarkey left for the Hot Springs, Ark., on Thursday evening for a trip of two months' duration.

F. X. Legrand and wife leave in a few days for San Francisco and Southern California on a visit to friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs, accompanied by their daughter, are spending the winter months in the south of France and Italy.

Mr. P. S. Malcolm returned from his Eastern trip yesterday. Mrs. Malcolm remained in the East to visit friends in Oswego, N. Y.

Miss Lucia Effinger, who has been spending the winter in Portland, the guest of her brother, leaves for Grand Forks, Dak., on Wednesday night.

Mr. W. H. B. Cole leaves for an Eastern trip in a few days, to be gone two months. During his absence Mrs. Cole will visit friends in California.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Knapp leave on Saturday next for a tour of Southern California. They will also probably extend their trip to the City of Mexico.

Mrs. J. M. Bower expects to leave for Paris about the 20th of April for the purpose of perfecting herself in colors. She will be absent from six to ten months.

Dr. M. H. Ellis, of Albany, returned home on yesterday by way of Corvallis, accompanied by his sister, Miss Bertha, who arrived from Minnesota a week ago. They were the guests of Mrs. T. A. Shane.

Society Brief Notes.

Miss Whitehouse gave a charming whist party last evening to a few friends.

[illegible] indefinitely on account of the death of her uncle.

Mrs. Harry Allen gave a supper party after the opera on Monday evening last to a number of her friends.

Miss Gretchen Beck gave an informal whist party on last Tuesday evening, in honor of Miss Etta Tracy.

The Concordia Club will give one of their elegant parties on Saturday evening next, February 22, at their handsome rooms.

The ladies of St. Ann's Society will give a sociable at the residence of Mrs. C. Norton, No. 229 Eleventh street, on Monday evening, February 17.

Miss Sallie Stetson and Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow will be married at the residence of the bride's father, in San Francisco, to-morrow evening. Mr. Winslow is well known in Portland, being a member of the firm of W. F. Bowers & Co.

The Assembly Club will give their last party before Lent on next Tuesday evening, February 18, at the new Arion hall. It is expected that all who have hitherto received invitations to these parties will attend without further notification, as it is designed to make this the finest affair of the season.

OUT OF TOWN.

At Vancouver.

GARRISON NOTES.

Miss Eaton, of Portland, was a guest of Major and Mrs. Sumner during the past week.

Major Neuhenberg returned form Fort Townsend last Friday, where he paid off the troops stationed there.

The german intended to be given by the Vancouver Barracks German Club has been postponed until after Lent.

The hop given on Tuesday evening last, complimentary to the officers visiting the post, was largely attended, and much enjoyed by all present.

Miss Maxwell, who has been the guest of Lieutenant and Mrs. Clark for some time past, will return to San Francisco this week, accompanied by Miss Lee.

Quite a number of the officers and residents of Vancouver attended the opera of "Carmen" on Friday evening last, a special party having been gotten up for the occasion.

On Friday evening of last week Major D. W. Burke gave a very pleasant "stag" whist party in honor of Colonel Mears, Majors Jackson and Raffety and Captains Coates and Quinn, guests at the garrison while the general court was in session.

TOWN NOTES.

Judge Bloomfield left here last Monday to hold court at Kalama, Cowlitz county.

Mrs. Bell, of Freeport, Wash., is visiting Mrs. V. H. Bloomfield since last Thursday.

Rev. M. D. Wilson returned last Friday from a trip to Seattle, where he had gone the Monday previous.

Professor L. H. Leach on Monday resumed his labors as principal of our public schools, having returned from the state capital that day.

Hon. L. Sohns returned on Sunday last from a short visit at Olympia, accompanied by seven gentlemen of the Washington legislature, who came to pay an official visit to the Washington deaf-mute school.

On February 22, the Vancouver city band, recently organized, propose to give a concert at the Standard theater, in order to raise money necessary for music and paraphernalia. It is expected that our citizens will patronize the boys and give them a full house.

Vancouver, on Thursday last, gave a benefit to J. S. Lindsay, the actor, who has been playing here for the last week. The play was "Oliver Twist," and Mr. Lindsay was assisted by local talent, Mr. J. C. Blake impersonating Bill Sikes, Mr. J. H Bissell, Brownlow; Mr. E. E. Coovert, Judge Fang, and Mr. E. Crawford, Noah Claypole. The audience was a highly appreciative one and the benefit a success throughout.

At Salem.

The first social hop of the year by the Salem Socia Club was given in Reed's opera house on Tuesday evening last, and was a most elegant affair. Parson's orchestra, from Portland, furnished the music, which was all that could have been wished. Shortly after midnight a sumptuous repast was served, after which dancing was resumed and kept up until an early hour next morning. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Boggs, Mr. and Mrs. J. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Riley, Miss Nellie Hoke, Misses Cannon, Santa Ross, Cal., Miss Lena Breyman, Miss Leona Wills, Miss Minnie Breyman, Miss Gertie Savage, Miss Nellie Gilbert, Miss Rose Matthews, Miss Katie Dalrymple, Miss Mamie Crump, Miss Nellie Morgan, Portland, Miss Louise Hoyt, Miss Jessie Crighton, Miss Maggie Savage, Miss Peck, Miss, Esther Hall, Miss Leila Waters, Miss Edna Mosier, Miss Helen Edes, C. D. Gabrielson, F. R. Cross, E. C. Patton, Chauncy M. Lockwood, P. H. D'Arcy, H. H. Thompson, Dr. J. C. Griffith, F. G. Baker, George G. Brown, Isaac Scott, Percy Willis, J. Wentscott, H. E. Jordan, R. P. Boise, jr., H. D. Patton, T. A. Howard, Clair Baker, W. J. D'Arcy, Mr. McCornack, Eugene, Or.

The costumes worn were very neat and attractive.

Albina Social Notes.

Albina has had more than its usual share of amusements during the past week. Between the new music, Firemen's ball and the whist party, the evenings have been pretty well taken up.

Although Thursday evening was very stormy, yet the attendance was large at the regular drive whist party given by the Ladies' Union Relief Society. The first prizes were awarded to Mrs. John Hewitt and Mr. J. A. Eastes, and the booby, to Mrs. J. A. Randall and Mr. A Frazer, who was perfectly delighted with his prize, which was a lively jumping jack. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Knox, Mr. and Mrs. John Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Anson Curtis, Captain and Mrs. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Loomis, Dr. and Mrs. Spinney, Mr. and Mrs. John Hewitt, Mrs. C. Hallowell, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Cummings, Mrs. Loucklin, Mrs. Charles Evans, Mrs. A. Randall, Mrs. M. A. McKenzie, Mrs. Dodgloh, Mrs. Saudersork, Miss Etta Green, Miss L. E. Beattie, Miss Owens, Miss Aggie Fitzpatrick; Messrs. Joseph Delay, W. N. Carter, A. Fraser, J. H. Burtch, Kit Payne, Dave Harris, Harry Smith, T. Ryan, N. D. Beurgen, William Thomas, F. Torgler, J. A. Eastes, A. Knoder, A. Murphy.

The Valentine ball given Friday evening by the Albina Fire Company No. 1 was a success socially and financially. The music was excellent and all present appeared to enjoy themselves. Quite a number from Portland and East Portland were present. The postmaster of the Valentine department was subpenaed at the last moment to attend to some case across the river, consequently all business in that line was dispensed with. This is the first time that a party has been held in the new brick armory, and though not as large as the old hall, is much more comfortable. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. A. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Bulger, Mr. and Mrs. Breiter, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hodges, Mrs. Hallowell, Mrs. Loucklin, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. O. Clark, Mrs. Ora Rodgers, Mrs. Cassidy, Mrs. Eichelberger, Mrs. McCue, Miss Katie Barnes, Miss Lulu Rummell, Miss Smith, Messrs. J. T. Hughes, William Smith, Joseph Delay, W. N. Carter, George Scotten, John Wirtz, Gus Schaub, Dr. Wise, Gus Fink, Dr. N. S. Spinney, Charles Dixon, J. H. Burtch, Mayor McLauchlin.

SURPRISE PARTY.

In honor of Mr. J. P. Menefee's birthday, an enjoyable surprise party was tendered him last evening, at his residence on Williams avenue, by his wife and numerous friends. The evening was very pleasantly spent in social games, music and all that goes to make an evening entertaining. Among the invited guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Pittenger, Mr. and Mrs. Loomis, Dr. W. A. Wise and Mrs. Wise, Mr. and Mrs. John Parker, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Thompson, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Beattie, May Hull, Minnie Parker, Hedora Wakefield, Messrs. D. Harris, R. Menefee, C. Torgler and W. N. Carter, Dr. C. Holcomb.

PERSONAL.

Mr. L. W. Loughray, of Monmouth, Polk county, is visiting with his daughter, Mrs. Rev. J. L. Hershner, of this city.

Wedding in Idaho.

A very quiet and impressive marriage ceremony was performed on the evening of Tuesday, February 4, 1890, at Weiser, Idaho, in which Hon. Aaron F. Parker, the well-known Idaho journalist, linked his fortunes with Miss Mary S. Newman, the youngest daughter of Horace C. Newman, formerly of the Union Pacific railroad. Rev. Alex. Corbett, of the Episcopal church, performed the ceremony that united them according to the beautiful symbolism of that church at 8 o'clock in the evening, at the residence of the bride's father, in the presence of a few invited guests. At its conclusion the bridal party sat down to a champagne supper, which was made joyous by the inspiration of the occasion and by the exhilarating qualities of the sparkling beverage.

The bride, who is a lovely and attractive young lady, with many charms of person and mind, and with sterling traits of character was charmingly attired in a becoming bridal costume of dark green, trimmed with silk braid, in which she appeared to great advantage. At her throat sparkled a diamond solitaire, the gift of Colonel Frank J. Parker, of the Walla Walla *Statesman*, a brother of the groom, while the elegant display of presents of silverware, etc., added to the effectiveness of the surroundings, and showed that the bride was handsomely remembered by her friends on the happy occasion.

The groom is well and widely known as one of the brightest and ablest journalists in the Pacific Northwest, and readers of THE OREGONIAN are familiar with much of his best work. He has been intimately associated with public affairs in Idaho for so long that he is regarded as a rising young man in that territory. Of excellent character and finishability, full of energy and industry, he undoubtedly has a bright and happy future before him. Mr. Parker is editor of the *Free Press*, published at Grangeville, Idaho, where he has built an elegant home for the reception of his bride. The happy couple visited Portland for several days on their honeymoon trip, and will reach home about March 1. A large circle of friends wish them much joy in their married life.

At Pendleton.

The Pendleton Dramatic Company bids fair to be a social success at least, judging from the number of members obtained by the soliciting committee, which now amounts to thirty-three ladies and gentlemen.

Arrangements will be made to procure a suitable suite of rooms, probably in the Association block, which will be carpeted, furnished and made as comfortable and convenient as possible.

While the company is organized ostensibly for the purpose of promoting the drama it is proposed to make it a sort of social club as well. As such, it will be quite an addition to Pendleton society circles.

At Astoria.

The ball given by Young Men's Institute No. 166, on last Tuesday evening was a grand affair and was very largely attended. Liberty hall had been handsomely decorated for the occasion, and the arrangements in every respect were perfect. Ulzinger's band furnished the music and dancing was kept up until an early hour in the morning.

VESTIBULED TRAIN SERVICE.

Over the Northern Pacific railroad dining cars and sleeping cars every day in the year. Portland to Chicago twenty-five miles the shortest route.

Second-class passengers, too, are afforded excellent accommodations.

SEVEN HOURS AND THIRTY-SIX MINUTES Saved in reaching Chicago via this line. Office, 124 First street, corner Washington.

The Union Pacific.

Is the only line running two fast trains daily from Portland to Omaha, St. Paul, Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis and all points East and South. Ticket office No. 81 First street, corner of Oak.

Lower Than the Lowest.

The Canadian Pacific are now selling first-class limited tickets through to Chicago for $59, second $34. Office, No. 6 Washington street.

AT THE PLAYHOUSES.

The Brilliant Operatic Season at the Marquam Grand.

VERNONA JARBEAU AT NEW PARK

Review of the Past Six Days—What Will Amuse the People This Week—Stage Stories—Notes.

The great event of the week, in theatricals, has been the opening of the Marquam Grand opera house on Monday night last by the Emma Juch Grand English Opera Company. It was an event not important for its operatic character so much as for the fact that it was the occasion of the introduction to the people of Portland of a house worthy of the city's standing as a community; a place of public resort where all the residents of the city can assemble from time to time and be brought together in a semi-social way to hear a lecture, enjoy a concert, witness a theatrical entertainment or revel in the delights of opera. The people assembled on Monday night within the walls of the spacious auditorium of the new edifice, however, seemed to be there more to see each other, to examine the beauties of the house to pass judgment, as it were, upon the general effect of the entire *ensemble*, than to listen with attentive ear and receptive faculties to the operatic performance that was set before them.

It is, perhaps, for this reason, partly, that the performance of "Faust" did not meet the expectations of the audience. There was something disappointing about it. But when one considers the occasion, that public expectation was whetted to the highest pitch, by reason of the importance of the event, as well as the strong notices of excellence that had preceded the company, it hardly lay within the compass of a company even of the general merit of the Juch organization to completely satisfy the demands. Besides, the selection of "Faust," with which to open was not an altogether judicious one. It is a difficult opera and, while its music is of a high order, and to the music expert is a treat, it does not appeal to the lover of harmony who is not an expert. He cannot understand it. Indeed, there are many who are musical in the extreme to whom "Faust" is an unsatisfactory opera. It seems to always be reaching after a point to which it never attains and almost invariably leaves one with a sense of a want unsatisfied.

While, however, the general effect of the opera was not what had been hoped, there were individual points of excellence that merit only praise. Miss Juch made a most charming Marguerite. Her conception of the character of the guileless German maiden was an intelligent one and her singing of the score was, in every way, artistic. Her beautiful sweet tonec voice gave splendid effect to be *contelleray do* passages, while in the numbers requiring strong dramatic force, as the duet in the [illegible] prominent effects required in the jewel song, but she sings it so well as to evoke enthusiastic applause. It is in the final trio where she rises to the highest point of vocal excellence, in so far as strength, dramatic expression and volume are concerned. Her whole soul seems to go out in the flood of song as she makes her appeal to the powers above for aid in her dire extremity.

In "Carmen," the next opera produced, Miss Juch gives a striking example of her versatility. The character is so widely different from Marguerite that one can hardly imagine her in it. But so completely does she merge her individuality in that of the fickle cigarette girl, and so charmingly does she sing the music of the role, and act the part throughout, that one can scarcely believe she is the same person.

Her Mignon is equally as sweet and pleasing. She seems to thoroughly identify herself with the character she is portraying. Her voice is so true in its ring, she works so hard and earnestly, and sings with all her soul, carrying her audience with her completely. Her singing of the melodious number, 'Knowest Thou that Fair Land," alone would stamp her as an artist of unusual merit

In "William Tell" all she has to do is to look well, as a boy, and sing a subord nate role, both of which she does to perfection.

From what has been said above it must not be inferred that the delightful young singer is a great prima donna. She is not. But she is a talented hard-working artist, with a beautiful voice, of good compass, fine volume and finished method. She is also a graceful actress, and understands the art of giving dramatic effect to her vocal work.

The *secunda* donna, Miss Georgine von Januschowsky, is a delightfully pleasing singer. She has a splendid method and fine compass and her work generally is most artistic. Her Michaela in "Carmen," and Matilda in "William Tell," gave her vocal and dramatic opportunities which she made good use of, and her Arline in "Bohemian Girl" made a pronounced hit.

Mr. Charles Hedmondt, the tenor of the company, did not seem to create a favorable impression upon his first appearance. Faust is a role requiring passionate fire in its singing. He must be all absorbed with the divine passion and should so impress his audience that they do not wonder at his conquest of Marguerite. Mr. Hedmondt did not so strike his audience. While he sang the score correctly, he sang it coldly. As Jose in "Carmen," there was a decided improvement. He was hed up to his work and in the third and last acts acquitted himself creditably. It was, however, in "William Tell" that his best work was done. His singing of the role of Arnol lo, especially, in the trio near the close of the second act was a superb piece of work. Indeed, he seemed to grasp the vocal and dramatic demands of the role and sustained them all through the opera with the skill of an artist.

The vocal work of Mr. Frank Vetta is almost beyond criticism. He has a superb basso voice and his method is that of the trained artist. His Mephistopheles is in every way a magnificent performance and his Lothario in "Mignon" and Walter in "William Tell" are equally fine. Signor Tagliapietra, the baritone, still sings with the true Italian fire, and, with the exception that his voice has lost some of that mellowness which once distinguished it, he sings as well as he ever did. He was always an easy actor and he has lost none of his grace of action.

Miss Lizzie MacNichol, the contralto, is a pleasing singer with a young fresh voice which she uses with discretion. Miss Susie Leonhart, E. N. Knight, Ella Singer, T. S. Guise and Frank Pieri are all useful people and add strength to the vocal character of the organization.

The orchestra under the direction of Mr. Adolph Neuendorff was most effective. In fact it was the distinctive and especially artistic feature of the season.

The chorus in its general vocal work was somewhat disappointing, particularly the female portion of it. From the number of voices in it they should have done more effective work than they did in most of the operas. However, in "William Tell" the male chorus did itself great credit. In "Faust" they were lamentably weak and at times very uncertain.

In spite, however, of the few defects noted the season was a most artistic and financial success. The receipts for the week were larger than for any engagement ever played by any company in Portland, reaching the sum of $17,000, and the management is to be congratulated upon the auspicious inauguration of the season.

Speaking of the management, a word or two as to the personnel of the official corps of the house may not be without interest.

Mr. A Hayman, the lessee and proprietor, is so well known from his connection with the Baldwin and new California theaters in San Francisco, as well as with various theatrical enterprises in other parts of the country, that any extended notice of his theatrical career seems unnecessary. His latest feat in management was the securing of the play of "Shenandoah," now nearing its twenty-fifth performance in New York by one company, besides being played by two other companies on the road. It is probably the greatest money getter on the boards to-day.

Mr S. H. Friedlander, the manager of the house, is a gentleman of extended managerial experience. He first managed the Masonic Temple theater in Louisville, Ky., afterwards Harris's theater in the same city, next, the Bijou at Washington, the Academy of Music in Baltimore, the Harris theaters in St. Paul and Minneapolis, and for the past three years he has been the representative of the Harris circuit of theaters.

"THE PEARL OF PEKIN."

That no other form of entertainment is more popular in Portland than comic opera will doubtless have an illustration at the Marquam Grand to-morrow night when Rice and Dixey's fine production, "The Pearl of Pekin" will be presented for the first time in this city.

Mr. Louis Harrison, who appears in the principal role, comes with a good reputation as a comedian and his performance will no doubt fully sustain the acomiums he has received. There are so many comedians in these days, who depend more upon reputation, than merit that it will be a pleasure to see a comedian, as Mr. Harrison is said to be, who is as conscientious in his work as though his reputation were yet to be made. His witticisms are said to be all fresh and taking and never fail to set the house in a roar.

Mr. John C. Leach, who is an Oregonian, is said to give one of the cleverest Chinese characterizations ever seen upon the stage. His make-up, dialect and facial expression would do credit to any Chinese laundryman in the city. He is compared by many to that artistic impersonator of Chinese character, Mr Chas. T. Parsloe.

Mr. Edward Webb has a clear tenor voice, is regarded as one of the handsomest young men on the stage, and in the part of Petit Pierre will sustain the part finely. His solo, "She loved him tender," is always given in an excellent vein and heartily encored. Miss Alta Jenoure fills the title role very acceptably. The requirements of the part are not great and to do Miss Jenoure full justice she would have to be seen in a role that makes larger demands on her talents. Finette is enacted with considerable dash by Miss Bertha Pisch. Her good looks and attractive figure add to the character, her accordian pleated costumes would drive the average soubrette wild with envy, and her kick would do credit to a corps de ballet in the first row.

The chorus is composed of handsome girls, which Mr. Rice always makes a feature of his productions. There are also a number of pretty duets and trios in the opera, many of which will linger in the memory of the hearers long after the company has departed.

The company in its entirety, numbering sixty people, arrived on the steamer from San Francisco last night, and will open the regular season at the regular prices on to-morrow evening. The advance sale for the week is very large, and a prosperous engagement for this capable organization is confidently expected.

THE NEW PARK THEATER.

Vernona Jarbeau Plays to Crowded Audiences in "Starlight"—Bandmann This Week.

Vernona Jarbeau, at the New Park, scarcely drew those audiences which "Starlight" merited, although the attendance was large. The day will come, however, when all varieties of amusements will be well patronized in this city. "Starlight," is a musical farce, like a dozen others that have preceded it, constructed for laughing purposes only. It has neither plot, aim or purpose save to amuse. This it succeeds in doing. It resembles "The City Directory," and is worked upon precisely the same lines with dancing, ridiculous situations, solos and chorus work, including the popular songs of the day.

Miss Jarbeau herself has not much voice, but she is pretty, well formed, and her style in many respects, following as it does the French method, is full of liveliness, activity and *chic*. She does a great amount of work, and does it well, and had she been in good voice and free from cold would have made even a better impression than she did.

Miss Jarbeau has an average clever company, who assisted her materially in the general fun making. Bert Coote was about as ridiculously comical in short pants and full dress suit as could be well conceived, and he capped the climax when, in gathering up spilled liquor with his hand, he endeavored to pour it back into the bottle. The "McGinty" song made the usual hit. The public will not want for laughter and smiles as long as such efforts as "Starlight" continue on the road.

To-night "Strictly Confidential," a skit equally as clever as "Starlight," will be given for the last performance.

DANIEL E. BANDMANN THIS WEEK.

Commencing to-morrow night Manager Howe will inaugurate a season of the legitimate at cheap prices, 25 and 50 cents, with the tragedian Daniel E. Bandmann, supported by what is said to be a competent company.

"Hamlet" will be the play for to-morrow night.

CORDRAY'S MUSEE-THEATER.

"The Lady of Lyons" With Essie Tittell as Pauline Scores a Hit.

It seems as though the popularity of this amusement resort were on the increase. Whether it be because of the cheap prices of admission, the excellence of the bill of fare furnished, or by reason of the popularity of the ambitious young actress, Miss Essie Tittell, the audiences during the past week have been among the largest known since the house was built.

"The Lady of Lyons" has been the bill with Miss Tittell as Pauline, and the young lady's performance of the part, while in many points lacking finish, was such an earnest effort as to be commendable.

The supporting company, with a few exceptions, was fair, Mr. French presenting a manly appearance as Melnotte and acting the part most creditably.

The play was well mounted, well staged and well dressed.

The Musee entertainment was up to the usual standard.

THIS WEEK

Beginning tomorrow night, the attractive society play, "Divorce," will be produced with the following

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Florence Grantly	Miss Essie Tittell
Blanche Sterling	Miss Le

HAD I MY WISH.

Had I my wish, the world should hold
One nook unframed in fancy's mold
One little spot where bud and vine
Made nature's drunk with beauty's wine
Where happy love could never grow old

And there, in simple ways grown bold,
We'd sigh at fame nor sigh for gold
Our lives should be a song divine,
Had I my wish.

And when each day's delights were told
And twilight came across the wold
I'd look into your face Dear Girl
And feel your lips pressed soft on mine,
While on and on the big earth rolled
Had I my wish.
—*Kirk La Shelle in Chicago Mail.*

A Young Hero.

BY JOHN HAY

(Copyrighted 1890.)

IT is in contemplating what the world loses in the deaths of brilliant young citizen soldiers that we appreciate most fully the waste of war and the priceless value of the cause for which such lives were sacrificed. When a man like Henri Regnault—the most substantial hope and promise of art in our century—is seen at the siege of Paris lingering behind his retreating comrades, *le temps de brutter une dernière cartouche* the last words he uttered when a genius like Theodore Winthrop is extinguished in its ardent dawn on an obscure skirmish field, when a patriot and poet like Koerner dies in battle with his work hardly begun we feel how inadequate are all the millions of the treasury to rival such offerings. We shall have no correct idea of what our country is worth to us if we forget all the singing voices that were hushed, all the noble hearts that stopped beating, all the fiery energies that were quenched in the dark waters of the Western world.

I believe that few men who fell in our civil conflict bore with them out of the world possibilities of fame and of usefulness so bright or so important as Colonel Ephraim Elmer Ellsworth, who was killed at Alexandria, Virginia, on the 24th of May, 1861, the first conspicuous victim of the war. The world can never compute, can hardly even guess what was lost in his untimely end. He was killed by the first gun he ever heard fired in strife, and his friends who believe him to have had in him the making of a great soldier have nothing to support their opinion but the impression made upon them by his manly character, his winning and vigorous personality, and the extraordinary ardor and zest with which his powerful mind turned towards military affairs in the midst of circumstances of almost incredible difficulty and privation. He was one of the dearest of the friends of my youth. I cannot hope to enable the readers of this paper to see him as I saw him. No words can express the vivid brilliancy of his look and his speech, the swift and graceful energy of his bearing. He was not a scholar, yet his words were like martial music. In stature he was less than the medium size, yet his strength was extraordinary. He seemed made of tempered steel. His entire aspect breathed high ambition and daring. His jet black curls his open candid brow, his dark eyes at once fiery and tender, his eagle profile, his mouth just shaded by the youthful growth that had none of its powerful and delicate lines, the whole face which seemed made for nothing less than the command of men, whether as general or as orator comes before me as I write with a look of indignant appeal to the future for the chance of fame which inexorable fate denied him. The appeal of course is in vain; only a few men now growing old knew what he was and what he must have been if life had been spared him for a year or two. I will merely try to show in these few pages, mainly from his own words, how great a heart was broken by the slugs of the assassin at the Marshal House.

He was born in the village of Mechanicville, Saratoga county, N. Y., on the 11th of April, 1837. His parents were plain people, but blessed with that wealth of affection which makes the poorest home rich. His father, a man of strong character and great energy, was a lover of books and of study, and the boy's mind was developed in a healthy and natural way. He was sent to school at the age of 5 years, and at 7 was a diligent reader of Shakespeare. He was a boy of quick and generous impulses, and his heart was full of the love of adventure. He was fond of all manly sports, and was a leader in his games. He was a bold rider, and was constantly begging for a horse. He was a good shot with the rifle, and was never happier than when in the woods with his gun. He was a boy of strong religious feeling, and was a regular attendant at church and Sunday-school. He was fond of music, and had a voice of great sweetness and power. He was a boy of quick temper, but of a temper which was entirely under the control of his affections. He was a boy of singular purity of character, and was remarkable for his delicacy and refinement of feeling. He was a boy of great ambition, and was constantly looking forward to the time when he should be a man and have a career. He was a boy of great energy of character, and was never idle. He was a boy of great courage, and was never afraid of anything. He was a boy of great generosity, and was always ready to help others. He was a boy of great modesty, and was never boastful. He was a boy of great truthfulness, and was never deceitful. He was a boy of great honesty, and was never dishonest. He was a boy of great integrity, and was never false. He was a boy of great loyalty, and was never disloyal. He was a boy of great faithfulness, and was never unfaithful. He was a boy of great devotion, and was never indifferent. He was a boy of great love, and was never hateful. He was a boy of great kindness, and was never unkind. He was a boy of great gentleness, and was never rough. He was a boy of great meekness, and was never proud. He was a boy of great humility, and was never haughty. He was a boy of great patience, and was never impatient. He was a boy of great forbearance, and was never intolerant. He was a boy of great forgiveness, and was never unforgiving. He was a boy of great mercy, and was never merciless. He was a boy of great compassion, and was never cruel. He was a boy of great sympathy, and was never unfeeling. He was a boy of great tenderness, and was never hard. He was a boy of great love, and was never hateful. He was a boy of great kindness, and was never unkind. He was a boy of great gentleness, and was never rough. He was a boy of great meekness, and was never proud. He was a boy of great humility, and was never haughty. He was a boy of great patience, and was never impatient. He was a boy of great forbearance, and was never intolerant. He was a boy of great forgiveness, and was never unforgiving. He was a boy of great mercy, and was never merciless. He was a boy of great compassion, and was never cruel. He was a boy of great sympathy, and was never unfeeling. He was a boy of great tenderness, and was never hard.

Landing of Ellsworth's Zouaves at Alexandria, Va.

Sunset Pass

OR,

Running the Gauntlet Through the Apaches.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING,

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERT," "FIVE MILES FROM HOME," ETC.

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CHAPTER IV.

FOR forty hours the poor old man tried in vain to get a word from his recruit. Time and again he would begin by asking if Jim had returned, and then, as the days passed and no tidings came, he would ask if he had heard anything of the missing boy. Then, as the hours grew into days, he would ask if Jim had come back, and if he had heard anything of Ned. Then, as the days grew into weeks, he would ask if Jim had returned, and if he had heard anything of Ned, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy. Then, as the weeks grew into months, he would ask if Jim had returned, and if he had heard anything of Ned, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's father. Then, as the months grew into years, he would ask if Jim had returned, and if he had heard anything of Ned, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's father, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's mother. Then, as the years grew into decades, he would ask if Jim had returned, and if he had heard anything of Ned, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's father, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's mother, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's brother. Then, as the decades grew into centuries, he would ask if Jim had returned, and if he had heard anything of Ned, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's father, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's mother, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's brother, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's sister. Then, as the centuries grew into millennia, he would ask if Jim had returned, and if he had heard anything of Ned, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's father, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's mother, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's brother, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's sister, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's dog. Then, as the millennia grew into eons, he would ask if Jim had returned, and if he had heard anything of Ned, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's father, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's mother, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's brother, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's sister, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's dog, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's cat. Then, as the eons grew into aeons, he would ask if Jim had returned, and if he had heard anything of Ned, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's father, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's mother, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's brother, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's sister, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's dog, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's cat, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's goldfish. Then, as the aeons grew into infinity, he would ask if Jim had returned, and if he had heard anything of Ned, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's father, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's mother, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's brother, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's sister, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's dog, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's cat, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's goldfish, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's canary. Then, as the infinities grew into eternities, he would ask if Jim had returned, and if he had heard anything of Ned, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's father, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's mother, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's brother, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's sister, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's dog, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's cat, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's goldfish, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's canary, and if he had heard anything of the missing boy's parrot. Then, as the eternities grew into—

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CALM.

A CABINET PICTURE.

ruffled by the fluttering breeze,
the sky sleeps tranquil as the deep,
lionless as marble, slumber trees
lous of the quietest scubbiest breath.
at has outlived fierce passion's fires,
with its high overwrought desires,
appointment with its wingèd liars,
quoies with poison's whipped lees,
ore wrathful than the vexed sea,
ne with its attendant misery,
fe's calm when seen in the far-off goal
rd Cummings, in New Orleans Picayune.

ight of and Trie's.

BY PROF. HERMANN.

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former article I described as
nd distinctly as I could the manner
g the pass or *sautant la corde* to one
any methods in use, and I must con-
self with a mere allusion to the other
t sleights, save that I can spare a
ds of description to the child of
d will try therefore to explain the
method to *filer la carte*, or change
for another, in full view of the
rs. It needs no explanation on my
now of how much importance this
to the conjurer, for the occasions
merable on which it may be made
nd to form an integral part of a
the bewildering effect can easily
ned of the performer exhibiting
the view of the audience, and in
y afterwards showing it to have
ely changed. The most usual mode
rming this pass is, perhaps, as fol-
the pack is held in the left hand,
rwards, the card which is to
ed being held lightly between the
second fingers of the right hand in
ontal position, and also face down-
The card with which it is to change
es on the top of the pack and is
slightly to the right so as to project
more than half an inch beyond it.
The hands are then brought to
or the fraction of an instant, during
e second, third and fourth fingers of
ft hand, which are under the pack,
he card from the right hand and
finger of the left hand draws it into
at the bottom of the pack, while as
recedes from the left the projecting
d is quickly seized between the
nd first finger of the receding hand
re L.) Any rapid gesture will serve
this movement, and either or both
ay be employed to make it, at dis-
Deftly performed, the keenest eye
rly fail to discover the trick.
d not leave the subject of card tricks
mentioning the manner of
ing a sleight which is popularly
t to be employed much more
y than is really the case by
fessional conjurer. I refer to the
." as it is termed, of a card, by the

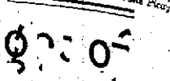


Fig. 1.

t the forcing a person to draw any
ar card you may desire, though he
ently free to choose any other in the
In its essentials this consists simply
dottiness with which the desired card
put forward, all the cards being spread
wise and made to touch the person's
just as he reaches them forward to
t a card. It requires consummate
, and is really never re-
ite, for one of those uncomfortably
ent persons who are a conjurer's
olerably certain to choose any other
than the one so temptingly and per-
ly offered. Thus the practice of forc-
fallen into utter disfavor with nearly
fessional conjurers who take other
to accomplish the desired end.
o indicated a few of the principles of
ing sleight-of-hand tricks with cards
le, two articles which are to be found
ly every household, and I do not
shall be doing amiss in indicating
tureful confederate may be made of
nary silk pocket-handkerchief. Most
rchief tricks by the way, and there
list of them in every professional's
re, need the assistance of more or
orate apparatus, but I think I can
t one and not the least effective
ay be performed on any occasion
parlor, and which is startling from
simplicity and impudence as it were.
rmer borrows one or either half a
pocket-hand kerchiefs, preferably of
erial. Should he have limited his
on to one he twists it loosely into
m, and grasping it in the middle re-
one of his audience to grasp each
not, not satisfied with this he takes
e himself and pulls the knot
exerting all his force upon it. A
knot is tied by a second spectator
n till the ends are too short to tie at
knots are then covered with the
rt of the handkerchief and one of
tators requested to hold it tightly,
ormer breathes on it and when it is
but the knots have disappeared. If
r of handkerchiefs have been bor-
oy are tied end to end by various
rs, the knots separately fashioned
performer, and when shaken out,
ng rolled into a ball, the handker-
e all separate. The method of ac-

Fig. 2.

This trick, which if artistically exe-
really quite startling, is simplicity
the secret lies in the apparently inno-
tening of the knots by the performer
ot doing so in reality he merely pulls
of the handkerchief in grasping it
d below the knot. This will be
nverts the seeming knot into a
st of one end of the handkerchief
e other and after each secures
same end of the handkerchief is
nt. When the supposed knots are
with the loose middle portion of the
chief the performer holds the same
een the first finger and the thumb
ht hand and draws this end out
ession of slip knots which all the
really reduced to.
w I have about reached the end of
that has so kindly been accorded
d I can make no better use of the
r of it than in giving a few general
he would-be amateur conjurer. In
is motto must be above all things
and perseverance. These are, of
born conjurers, as they are born
and born painters, but any youth
rence who is accustomed to use his
feverly, and has a good deal of
ability, may become a fair specialist
if he devotes a portion of his
to practicing the various sleights. I
n conjuring myself for a good
rs, but hardly a day passes with-
indulging in more or less prac-
is a general rule. So far from
hints may be given, as for in-
ver to perform a trick or exhibit what
never announce beforehand what
oing to do, never be surprised at
cted failure, but keep your face
ind and all your mother wit about
of your difficulty; cultivate the
of talking continuously. Never
be nonsense; anything is better
ce, for even rank silliness will
vert the attention of your audience
your hands to your face and thus
your eyes to be. Finally,
your temper, however great the
on; if need be join in the laugh
urself, or at all events do not show
ing is capable of causing you an-
and this last I think is a present
may carry into other conjuring
esides that of amateur conjuring

Sunset Pass;

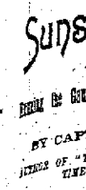
—OR—

Breaking the Gauntlet Through Apache Land.

BY CAPT. CHAS. KING,

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTER," "A WAR-TIME WOOING," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.



OR fully half an hour poor old Pike remained there at his post of observation, every now and then vainly scanning the plateau through his field glass. Meantime he was talking over the situation to himself: "The jig is up now. I've got to go back to camp presently. I'll have to tell them the captain is still away and that I have no idea where he has gone. I might as well make a clean breast of it and admit that Mauvelito has deserted and gone off with the mules, and that the old man (for by this half-endearing appellative the soldiers often spoke of their captain) is in pursuit. I don't suppose he found their trail until next daylight, anyhow." Then he looked

"What a find!" he almost shouted.

back towards the nook in which his precious charges were doubtless impatiently awaiting his return. He could just see the top of the ambulance over the ledge of rock that hid it from the road. "Jim is just giving them his dickens about this time," he went on with his self-communion. "They could not eat another mouthful if I were to go back now with my bad news. Better wait until they've had a square meal before I tell them. They can bear it better then."

Still the scout-hearted veteran would not give up hope. Again he swept the road with his glass, searching wistfully for some little dark cloud or other sign of coming horseman across the wide, open plateau, but all was silence and desolation, and, at last, feeling that he must go back to camp and get something to eat, he shouldered his rifle and trudged down the hill, his heart heavy as lead.

Of course it was still possible for him to pick up the team and make a run for it, with Kate and the children, for Sunset Crossing, but he felt confident that neither Kate nor little Ned would listen to such a project if it involved leaving the captain behind. There was yet a chance of his old commander's returning in time. Although he was not to be seen anywhere over the twenty-mile stretch towards Jarvis' Pass, it was all the more probable that he might have found Mauvelito's trail leading into the mountains north or south of the gorge in which they were now hiding. The Mexican had long been employed in the pack train and had been up through this range towards Cheveton's Fork—he had heard him say so. Very probably, therefore, he had struck out for the old "short cut" back to the Verde. It was impracticable for wagons but very enough for mules—and it may, so Pike judged, ten or fifteen miles south of the pass. The very thing! It would be the most natural course for him to follow since the signal fire west of Snow lake had showed them the evening previous that the Indians were on their trail. Doubtless the captain reasoned it out on the same line and had ridden southward along the western base of the range until he had overtaken his treacherous employé. A huge shoulder of the mountain shut off the view in that direction, but the theory seemed so probable to Pike that his spirits began to rise again as he struck the road. Why! it might readily be that at this moment the captain was not more than a mile or two away, and hurrying back, fast as the mules would let him, to join the loved ones whom he had left at camp.

It's a theory worth banking on for an hour or two at least," said Pike to himself. "By Jinks! I'll swear to it as long as it can possibly hold good. There's no use in letting them worry their hearts out—those poor little kids. God be with us, and help us to bring them safely through." And so, much comforted in spirit, the old trooper—Yankee-Irishman—strode briskly down the road, determined that he would make no move for the Colorado until he knew from the evidence of his own eyes that the Apaches were dense of his own eyes that the Apaches were ceasing in pursuit.

The shortest way from Jarvis' pass to the point where they now lay resting, was by way of the road along which they had come the night before, on both sides of which, as has been said, the country lay comparatively clear and open for miles to both north and south. Pike felt certain that, with the aid of his glass, he could see the Indians almost as soon as they got out upon the plain, and while still many a long mile away. Then there would be abundant time to bundle their supplies into the ambulance, run it back to the road, stow Kate and the children safely in the interior and whip up for the Colorado," leaving their pursuers far behind. What a mercy it is, thought Pike, that these Tontos have no horses! The captain, too, he argued, even if he had not started before, would have an eye on that road, wherever he was, and would gallop for camp the moment he saw the distant signs of the coming foe.

Even as he trudged along, whistling loudly now by way of conveying an idea of jollity to the anxious little party at the ambulance, Pike's keen eyes were scanning the mountain sides. North of the Pass the ground did not begin to rise to any extent until fully half a mile away, but southward the ascent began almost at the roadside and was so steep as to be in places almost precipitous. A thick growth of scrub oak, cedar and juniper covered the mountain and here and there a tall tree shot up like some leafy giant among its humbler neighbors; and, standing boldly out on the very point where the lights turned southward, was a vertical ledge of solid rock. Pike stopped instantly. "Now that's a watch tower as is a watch tower," he exclaimed. "I'll scramble up and have a look from there before I do another thing." So saying he left the road and, pushing his way among the stunted trees and over rocks and bowlders he soon began a moderately steep climb. Long accustomed to mountain scouting, the craft of the old Indian fighter was manifest in his every movement. He carefully avoided bending or breaking the merest twig among the branches, and in stepping he never set foot on turf or soft earth, but skipped from rock to rock, wherever possible, so as to leave no "sign" behind him. It was more a matter of habit than because he believed it necessary to conceal his trail from the Indians in this case. No human being on earth can follow an enemy, like an Apache; a bent twig, a flattened bit of sod; even a tiny impression in the loose sand or rocky surface will catch his eye in an instant, and tell him volumes. Pike knew well that there was no such thing as hiding the trail of his party, and thinking of them he stopped to take breath and look down. Their little fastness was hidden from him by the trees, but he could see the baggage wagon down in the road, and, being unwilling to have Kate and the little ones worrying about his long continued absence, he set up a loud and cheery shout.

"Hullo—o—o Jim!"

Jim's voice came back on the instant. "What d'you want?"

"Just save a little breakfast for the captain and me, will you? We'll be hungry as wolves when we get in."

"Is papa there?" piped up little Ned in his childish treble.

"No—he's down around the west side. He'll be in presently. I look for him every minute. He's all right, Ned."

"Where you at?" shouted Jim again in his Southern vernacular.

"Up here on the hill. I'm going a piece farther to look at a big rock. I'll be down in ten or twenty minutes."

And so, having cheered and reassured them, Pike pushed on again. A few minutes' sharp climbing brought him to the base of the ledge, which proved to be far bigger and higher than he had supposed, and all the better for his purpose. Clambering to the top, he could hardly repress a shout of exultation. Not only had he now a commanding view of all the plateau over to the ridge through which wound Jarvis pass, but he could even see over beyond towards Snow lake, while northward for several miles the western foothills of the range were open to his view. It was by long odds the best lookout he could have found, and he only regretted that his view southward was still shut off. Adjusting his binocular, he again gazed long and carefully over all the plain, and especially along the western edge of the range to the north, but the search was fruitless as before. Not a living, moving object was in sight.

Finding an easy descent on the side farthest from camp and opposite that on which he had clambered to the top Pike half slid, half swung himself to the base again, and there he came upon a sight that filled his soul with joy. From base to summit the ledge was probably fifty feet in hight and was so far tilted over on the western side as to have an overhang of at least fifteen. More than this, there was a great cleft near the base and an excavation or hollow running inwards and downwards, perhaps fifteen feet more. Pike went in to explore, and, to his further satisfaction, found a "tank" where the water had gathered from the melting snows and in the rainy season. He tasted it and found it cool and fresh, and then, sprawling at full length, he drank eagerly.

"What a find!" he almost shouted with glee. We can store Kate and the children back in there, throw up a little barrier of rock at the front with loopholes for our rifles. Not a bullet or arrow can reach us from any direction except the tops of those trees down yonder, and God help the Tonto that tries to climb 'em. And, even if the captain don't come, by Jinks! we can stand off all the Apaches in Arizona. It won't be more than three days before Al Sieber will be galloping out with a swarm of the old boys at his back, and if Jim and I, in such a fort as this, can't lick Es-Kirninsin and his whole gang, call me a "dough boy!"

The more he explored, the better was Pike pleased with the situation, and in five minutes he had made up his mind what to do. The little nook in which the party had been hiding was all very well for the night, and a good refuge for the horses as well as the human beings; but in broad daylight the Indians would have no difficulty in finding and surrounding it, and there was hardly any space within its rocky walls which would be safe from bullet or arrow when once the assailants got up the hillside. Here, however, they could stand a siege with almost perfect safety. From above or from the flanks the Indians could not reach them at all, and if they attacked from the front—up hill—nothing but a simultaneous and preconcerted rush of the whole band could succeed, and Pike knew the Apache well enough to feel secure against that possibility.

Now it was possible to wait for the captain indefinitely. If he got back in abundant time for them to load up and push out for the Colorado Chiquito before the Indians reached the Pass, well and good. If he did not—

"Well," thought Pike, "from here I can see the scoundrels when they are still miles away, and all we've got to do is stock this cave with blankets, provisions and ammunition, build our breastwork and let 'em come. With Kate and the kids out of harm's way, back in that hole, I wouldn't ask anything better than to have those whelps of Tontos crawl up here and then attempt to rout us out. We'd make some of 'em sick Indians, wouldn't we, old girl?" wound up the ex-corporal, apostrophizing his Henry rifle.

Greatly elated over his discovery, Pike went scrambling down the rocky hillside in the direction of camp. He no longer took any precautions about concealing his "trail." He well knew that in the two or three trips it would take to bring their stores and then Kate and the children up to the cave, such "signs" would be left that the Apaches could follow without the faintest hesitation.

Five minutes brought him into the midst of his charges, and here for a moment the stout-hearted soldier was well nigh unmanned. Instantly he was besieged with eager and anxious inquiry about papa, and poor little Nellie, who had come running eagerly forward when she heard his cheery voice, looked wistfully beyond him in search of her father, and, seeing at last that Pike had come alone, she clasped her little arms about his knees, and, looking imploringly up in his face, burst into tears and begged him, amid her sobs, to say why papa did not come. Bending down, he raised her in his strong arms and hugged her tight to his heart.

"Don't cry, little sweetheart," he pleaded. "Don't worry, pet. Papa isn't far away. He's coming soon, and I've got such a beautiful playhouse for you and Ned and Kate up there on the hill. We won't go up just now, for we all want to be here to give papa his breakfast when he comes in. And my! How hungry I am, Nellie! Won't you give old Pike some coffee now, and some bacon and frijoles?"

Nellie, like a little woman, strove to dry her tears and minister to the wants of her staunch old friend, the corporal. Ned manfully repressed his own anxiety and helped to comfort his little sister, but Kate retired behind the ambulance and wept copiously. She knew that something must be wrong. No mere matter of a mule astray would keep the captain from "the childer" all this long while. But Jack Jim had set the coffeepot and skillet again on the coals and in a few moments had a breakfast piping hot all ready for the present camp commander, who, meantime, slung aside his slouch hat and neck-handkerchief, rolled up his sleeves and was giving himself a plentiful sluicing of cold water from one of the "tanks" below them. Then, as he went up to take his rations, he sung out gaily to Ned:

"Here, Ned, my boy. We ought to have a sentry as post to present arms to the captain when he comes in. Get your rifle and mount guard until I get through here."

And Ned found he so employed, and out in the Indian country too, was greatly pacing up and down on the side nearest the road, with all the gravity and importance of a veteran soldier.

Pike made great pretence of having a tremendous appetite and made little Nell help him to coffee twice, refusing to take sugar except from her hand. Once during his repast, poor old Kate came forth from behind the ambulance, and with her apron to her eyes, slowly approached them, but the trooper sternly warned her back, saying no word but pointing significantly to the ambulance. He did not mean to have the little ones upset by the nurse's lamentations. His requirements satisfied, he asked Nellie to see to the breakfast for her father having carefully kept in readiness and then, sauntering off towards the road, called Jim to follow him.

Then, while they were apparently examining the bolts of the baggage wagon, he gave the darkey his instructions.

"Jim, I don't know when the captain will get back or how far he's gone, but I haven't a dread or fear of any kind now. Up there where you see that big gray rock I've found a cave that's the most perfect defensive position I ever saw. No bullet can reach it from any point, and on the contrary, from the mouth of the cave, we command the whole hillside. Now if those Apaches are bound to follow, they ought to be along here about noon. If the captain gets here in plenty of time we'll pull out for the Chiquito. If he doesn't I mean to move the whole outfit up to the cave. I want you now to roll and strap all the blankets; to get the provisions and everything of that kind in shape so that we can easily "pack" them, then I'm going back to the top of the rock to keep a lookout. I can see way beyond Jarvis pass, and if the Indians are following I'll spot them before they get within ten miles of us. See?"

Quarter of an hour later Pike was once more on the top of the rock. First he glanced at his watch. Just 9 o'clock. Then he sprawled at full length upon the blanket he had brought with him, levelled his glasses and, resting his elbows on the rock, gazed long and earnestly over the winding road. Presently he sat up, whipped off the red silk handkerchief about his neck, carefully wiped the eye and object glasses of his binocular and his own tired old eyes and, once more prone on his stomach, gazed again; then twisted the screw a trifle as though to get a better focus, gazed still another time; lowered the glass; rose to his knees, his eyes gleaming brilliantly and his teeth setting hard; once more levelled the glass and looked with all soul in his eyes and then slowly let the faithful binocular fall to the blanket by his side as he spoke aloud:

"By Jove! They're coming."

(TO BE CONTINUED).

THE SUMMONS OF THE ROSE.

All the garden lies a-waste,
Swept by frost and winter's breath;
Bird and bee have fled in haste
From the clarion-call of Death.

But the rose stood to the last,
Bravely answered to the call,
"I am here, O, death!" and passed
Into his eternal thrall.

Well-a-day! The rose has gone,
She who bore our souls away
On her breath, and all forlorn
Look the paths of yesterday!
—*Yannik O. Branson, in the New Orleans Picayune.*

"Lore Forty"

A Story of the Time of Christ.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," etc.

And the Rev. Herbert D. Ward.

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CHAPTER IX.

It was dew-fall at Bethany. In the house of Rachel, the widow, and Baruch, the blind man, excitement reigned. A great event had happened.

Without the porch, panting with weariness, low upon a litter lay a little maiden, pale and frail, but peaceful as no well maiden ever is. Ariella had been brought over to visit Rachel, her neighbor. She was to remain until the morrow. Malachi and Baruch, with the help of a slave, had borne the girl thither, and the same hands would return her before another sunset to her father's house. Malachi had grumbled over the job, which he held to be an unnecessary tax upon a man's time and attention; but Hagaar had said:

"Verily you will never put yourself to a better use. Give the girl her way." For Baruch had dealt privately with Hagaar, and urged the matter, taking no denial. And Hagaar and Malachi had returned to their own dwelling; and Ariella lay upon the litter without the house of Rachel, begging not to be carried within till she must needs sleep; for Ariella drank the air of heaven as an Arab, dying of thirst in the desert, drinks from the gourd held to his stiffening lips.

On the way from the house of her father to the home of Rachel, Ariella had suffered acutely. Every step of the bearers jarring the litter diffused agony through the poor girl's body; but she had not said so. At every glimpse of the living world she had evinced the keenest delight. It was:

"Oh, father, the light! The light of the sun on the fields! How broad a thing is an afternoon!"

"Baruch, I see a hill of tulips; they run up and down; they are red, like torch bearers at a race.

"Mother, give me your hand. Lift my head a little that I may look into Jerusalem.

"The temple shineth like the rising of the day. In the temple is the ark. In the ark God dwelleth. The people go up; go up like prayer into the heart of Jehovah! Would that I could see the temple! The brow of Olivet lifteth between."

Ariella lay now upon the litter, herself as mute as an exhausted prayer; the excitement of the day had sunk into its reaction; the thrill of joy had fallen into the grip of pain. The invalid's hopeless consciousness of suffering returned like the fall of night. Ariella's face became pinched with anguish; the lines about her mouth deepened like those in the face of an old woman—she was but 26.

"Leave me to myself," she panted. "Leave me, Rachel. Leave me, Baruch. Weariness overcome me, for the exertion hath been great. Do not watch me—nay, I shall the better endure alone."

"But Baruch cannot see thee," protested matter-of-fact Rachael.

"But Baruch watcheth thee closer, for that," murmured Ariella. Baruch's sensitive face flushed; he rose without a word and left their guest. Rachel soon followed him as the sick girl bade her; and Ariella had her will—sometimes the only one left to the sick; she was alone with her agony.

The litter had been set down in a cool, wide grass space in front of the house of Rachael; "in something green," Ariella had begged; but it was too late in the season to find the parched grass green. Behind her the low house looked quiet and home-like; the faint glimmer of Rachel's single candle shone upon the paved court and dull white sand; Baruch stood in the doorway, a silent, waiting figure; he seemed like a man who expected something, and was patient and impatient by turns. Without, the darkening country looked to the imprisoned girl as wide as all heaven. Between the spasms of her pain she regarded it eagerly.

Eastward of her the road to Jericho, rough, wild, dangerous and ragged, wound among the hills. Ariella could mark the spot where her misfortune had befallen her, nine years ago. A caravan was winding past the place slowly, the outline of the camels rising and falling like the outlines of ships upon a restless sea. The caravan was coming toward Jerusalem; the travelers were singing; they sang the Psalms of Degrees. Beyond, the desert of Judea stretched far and frowning.

Turning her head, the sick girl looked about the little hamlet of Bethany. The Roman fortress rose, a grim, firm fact against which every Jewish heart revolted. The houses of Ariella's people were built without the fortress line. Now and then the spear of a Roman soldier caught the dying light upon its tip.

Yonder against the mountain side sepulchers showed, cut into the solid rock; these were owned by the wealthier families of Bethany. Ariella gazed upon their solemn outlines quietly.

"My life is a sepulcher," she said aloud. "What doth it matter?"

A slight sound behind the head of Ariella's litter attracted but did not arrest her attention. She could not see, or she had not noticed, that the figure of the blind man had disappeared from the doorway. Baruch stood behind an olive tree, and the olive tree stood behind Ariella.

Now, Ariella turned her head at this moment to look further downward to the southeast, where, far beyond her gaze, the somber surface of the Dead sea lay. One of the little freakish fancies of the sick possessed her. No person ever drowned in the salt Dead sea.

Oh, to be borne thither on her litter, and set afloat upon the strong water, and float her life out on that soft bed!

"It would never hurt one's back," thought Ariella.

She laughed aloud at this conceit of hers, and tried to move upon her pillows to raise herself upon one arm and look along the valley till sight should be lost in the purpling gloom. The effort caused her such pain that she uttered an involuntary groan.

Ariella seldom groaned. This was a downright uncomfortable cry of agony, and fell pitcously enough on the poor girl's lips.

"Oh, Ariella!" cried Baruch, darting forward from behind the olive tree. He stood before her; his bent over her; he trembled with sympathy the tenderest man or woman had ever shown for Ariella.

"Oh!" moaned Baruch, "could I only see how to comfort thee?"

"You feel how," said Ariella, collecting herself at once.

"If love could comfort," breathed Baruch.

"If love could heal—"

"Love helps!" said Ariella; "love serves."

"Men and women who are not afflicted of God—who love as they will, and do as they would—these are happy people, Ariella."

"We are not as they," said Ariella, solemnly. Baruch stretched out his hand and groped for hers. It was not quite dark. She could see no more than he. The sick girl laid her hand in that of the blind man. Both shook. Baruch bowed his face reverently above the poor little feverish hand. He did not dare to kiss it, which his lips. He did not dare. After all, he was a man. If he had touched Ariella he felt as if he should have gone mad with love and despair.

"Is this Baruch, the old blind man?" asked at that moment a wonderful voice. Baruch did not start or release the hand of Ariella. He held it like a man, and quietly made answer.

"Yes, Lord, I am he."

"And the maiden, of whom thou didst speak with me—do I behold her?"

"Thou beholdest her indeed."

"Knoweth she that I am come?"

"Nay, Lord, she knoweth naught."

"Give space to me that I may stand beside her."

The voice which spoke was one of unquestionable authority. Ariella started under it. She looked up, frightened and panting, through the dark.

"Be calm, Ariella," said Baruch, quietly. "He of whom I spoke to thee is here."

"You arranged this, Baruch?—you planned to bring me here—and told me not!" There was a touch of reproach in the girl's tone. She had fallen so thoroughly into Baruch's loving plot that her first sense of being deluded almost overpowered any other consciousness.

"What I have done, I have done," said Baruch firmly. "It becometh thee not to distrust me, Ariella. It is not in thy power to distrust Him."

Baruch pointed at the commanding figure of their visitor, who, during the delay, had stood both silent and still. The three made a singular group—the blind man bent forward, eager, trembling, his whole body straining as if to see; the sick girl panting on the litter; and the solemn figure, mute as fate, before them.

It was now so dark that Ariella could not even see the familiar face of Baruch, bent so near and turned so tenderly toward her. Of the stranger she could perceive absolutely nothing except the outline of a grand form; the manliest, the most authoritative, she thought, that she had ever beheld. The face of the man was wrapped in the darkness of the summer night. Ariella struggled for a sight of it, but it was as dim before her as the will of God.

Rachel had now come out of the house, and finding the three fallen upon an utter silence, joined them herself without a word. She stood behind the olive tree for a moment, unseen; then advanced and knelt beside the litter, very near Ariella. Rachel quite understood what was going forward, for Baruch had confided in her. And Rachel was one of those who trusted in the Nazarene.

He seemed almost as if he were indefinitely strengthened by the presence of this commonplace woman; as if she had added faith or the material of power to the situation. He moved nearer to the litter and broke the oppressive silence; but it was only to ask a simple question:

"Is this the mother of the maiden?"

"Nay, Lord," replied Rachel, "she is my guest and the friend of my afflicted son. Baruch said that thou wouldst heal her." Had it been a little less dark they could have seen that the Nazarene smiled slightly, as a man does who hears from children the prattle of knowledge already his own. But his smile was as invisible to these agitated people as the sun that had set behind Mount Olivet. The most powerful personality in Judea presented himself to these three souls in the form of a voice.

But what a voice! Ariella's nature rang with it. It was as strong as the winds, it was as sweet as love. It ran as deep as the sea. It commanded the heart as heaven commands the earth; but it appealed to the sensibility as tenderly as if one's regard were a precious thing.

"Ariella!" said the Nazarene. He spoke as never a man spake to the sick or to the well. Ariella felt herself drawn upwards, soul and body, to the utterance of her name by those invisible lips. It was as if the very waves of ether, set in motion by his voice, encompassed her; as the waves of the sea encompass a sinking person who struggles upon them if so he may swim for his life. She felt herself lifted upon the sound; it buoyed her; she had a singular sensation as if she began to float in not it.

"Yea, Lord," breathed Ariella. She upturned her face to him through the dark. Poor little wan, pinched face!—how testily it moved. Ariella was in terrible pain. The excitement and exertion of the day, culminating in this agitating interview, had almost overborne her. Despite herself a low moan came from her lips. At the sound the blind man fell upon his knees beside his mother. Jesus and the sick girl remained, the two undisturbed actors in the touching scene. Low, sweet, serene and commanding came the accents of the Nazarene. Ariella perceived that he did not inquire concerning her faith in God, his father; and in himself, the heavenly Father's son; in his sympathy with human misery; and his power to heal the diseases of men; and he spoke to her also of his relation to her own peculiar suffering. He said these things in words so few that Ariella knew not how it was he said them; but she was aware of these thoughts, and of his desire to understand her own state of feeling toward himself. Above all else, she was aware of the searching, scorching necessity that she should speak the very truth about that should sound discourteous or distrustful toward the Stranger, who, overworn and overworked, had traveled from Bethany at the end of the hot day's toil, to serve an unknown sick girl, if he might or could. It even occurred to Ariella that he was not sure that he could heal her; and that his effort was worth something more for this very reason.

"Lord," said Ariella, "how can any heal me? I have been sick so long!"

The Nazarene made no answer. He had advanced and now stood close beside the litter; he stretched his hand out and motioned to Ariella through the dark that she put hers within it.

"Nine years!" said Ariella; "I have lain upon my bed for nine whole years. I suffer very much. It is great pain. People do not know about pain. It tires them to understand it. I try not to trouble people—but I am not a patient girl. I am so tired—tired out! tired out!" Ariella began to sob quietly.

"Lord, my faith hath grown sick—like all the rest of me! How can I be healed?"

"Lord," said the blind man, still upon his knees, "my faith in thee is weak; it is sound enough to give life to the maiden though she did lie in the tomb."

"Baruch! Baruch!" cried Ariella. The blind man was distressed. He trembled as if she should hear his words. "Lord! Lord!" But Jesus only smile thereat, in the darkness, no one being able to see the smile.

"Ariella," said Baruch, "give to him that asketh thee the touch of thy hand and the power of thy trust."

Ariella obeyed without a word. The cool, strong grasp of the Nazarene closed over her hot, little fingers. Immediately there came to Ariella the sensation of floating, of which she had thought before. Her fancy about Dead sea recurred to her. But upon the enfeebled girl there fell the consciousness of one who is buoyed upon the sea of life. Forgotten vigor struck upon her body, and ran like fire through her veins.

The Nazarene while he held her hand had stood with head bowed low upon his breast; like a man sunken in thought or prayer too deep to admit of any lesser consciousness. Now he lifted his face and so gently spoke to her:

"Maiden! I say unto thee, Arise! Behold, I say unto thee, Arise, and walk!"

A piteous cry fell from Ariella's lips. Afterward she said that the pain which shot through her whole body was a thing too dreadful to speak of. The virulence of years of physical disorder seemed to be in it; it was as if her disease had a spirit, and a spite, and revenged itself by wrenching her as it yielded to the mysterious power of the Healer.

Baruch, at the sound of her anguish, sprang forward and would have caught her; but Jesus motioned him back.

"Go into yonder door of the house," said the Nazarene, "and behind it thou shalt find a tall jug standing upon the floor. Bring it hither to me."

Ariella arose from her litter at these words. She stood upon her feet and tottered.

"Go," repeated the Nazarene. And Ariella went. She walked from the olive tree into the door of Rachel's house, alone, unaided, and firmly. Rachel and Baruch stood breathless. They dared not follow her. They could see her slight figure, wrapped in its careless invalid dress, sway as before the faint light of Rachel's candle, the solitary flame light. Ariella stooped and lifted the jug. It was a heavy jug containing water. The sick girl lifted it upon her head, and came back across the dark space walking steadily. The two observers watched her in silence. The third leaned his blind face forward touchingly. Baruch fancied that the breath of the Nazarene came a little quickly, but he was not sure. His own violently beating heart almost drowned his consciousness of every other fact.

Ariella returned. She walked up to the Nazarene with a firm step. She removed the jug from her head with one hand and laid it at his feet.

Then, without a word, she herself dropped there. She fell upon her knees; she bowed her face; she laid her lips to the travel-stained feet of the Healer, and pressed them with awe to her cheek.

"Lord," said Ariella, "Lord, forgive me. I am healed because of Thee. Lord, I have been sick so long! . . . Teach me how to be well."

Rachel was sobbing under the olive-tree. But Baruch fell upon his knees beside Ariella. He trembled with joy.

"Master!" he cried. He put out his blind hands in the dark and groped for Jesus. But the space which had held that figure of mercy and of command was empty. The Nazarene had vanished.

Ariella arose from her knees and without a word walked into the house. She moved like a person intoxicated with joy. Rachel picked up the jug; she and Baruch followed Ariella, silent too.

The empty litter remained under the olive-tree.

CHAPTER X.

When Ariella and Rachel and Baruch reached the house together that evening, a strange spirit fell upon them. The excitement of the tremendous event which had befallen Ariella took on the form of an intense calm. Baruch hardly knew what he expected; more and less than he expected had come to pass. He strained his sensitive ears to hear the sound of Ariella's step upon his mother's floor. Wonderful sound! Ariella walked to and fro to try her feet; they sprang like birds or butterflies lightly hovering up and down; for some moments she flitted about, for sheer pleasure of the flitting; but she did not say one word; then suddenly she sank upon a little white linen ottoman which stood against the wall, and gave a pretty yawn like a child who is sleepy or tired—a sound of pure health and and physical comfort. When had anyone heard a sound like that from the invalid's young lips?

"Rachel," said Ariella, "I am so sleepy. How strange a feeling. Dear Baruch, you cannot think how delightful it is! It runs through my body and my brain like the fall of dews. I have no pain. What shall I do? How does one eat who has no pain? I ought to speak; I should talk to you. I have nothing to say. What shall I do? Be patient with me. To wait for the ache to stir itself out—that is the way to go to sleep. But there is no ache to wait for. How can this be? . . . It will return. It must be that it is coming back to me. I would sit awhile further, and wait for it and battle with it, and say to it: Ah, you demon of the sick! I have escaped you for a little time—so long—one hour—two hours—I have defied you! Now we will have it out between us, you and I."

But while Ariella spoke the words she sank upon the ottoman suddenly threw one thin arm around her head, curled her face into the bend of the elbow, smiled more like a baby than a sick woman, and fell straightway into a deep sleep. It was a wonderful sleep: it lasted all that night; her even, healthy breathing was not interrupted by so much as a sigh; she slept on and on, as if death itself could never interfere with that blessed recuperation of the wasted nerve, and as if life loved her too well ever to trouble her by waking.

"Suppose she wake not?" asked Baruch, in the unreasonable terror of love. "What if she never wake, O my mother?"

"Let her be," said the practical Rachel. "The girl perisheth for sleep like this. I doubt me if she can remember what it is to rest like other human creatures. Mark you, my son, the healing is not complete upon her yet. Without this sleep she might fall upon her old ways to-morrow. It takes more than two hours to heal a woman for nine years ridden upon her bed. Let her alone, Baruch. There are many that do profess to heal the sick. Time is their testimony, my son. I have seen many a broken heart in my day come from false healing."

"There are pretenders I know," said Baruch. "I have heard of them."

"And I have seen them," whispered Rachel, with the caution of an elderly woman. "I have seen lame men throw away their staves by reason of faith in false gods and prophets; and I've seen them send to Jerusalem for new ones next week."

"But he is not as they," murmured Baruch with the obstinacy of faith. Now Rachel quite agreed with Baruch concerning the genuineness of the healing quality reported of the Nazarene; but it pleased her to shake her head with the dignity of experience and answer only:

"At any rate, you had better let the girl sleep; and do as much for yourself."

"I go without," said Baruch, "and keep watch. Stay with our guest, my mother, and guard her; for she is precious."

Rachel looked after her son as he departed from the room and shook her head sadly.

"What is the use," she thought, "in a blind son? He thinketh of the maiden like a man with eyes."

But Rachel was soon asleep herself in ten minutes; and neither blind son nor invalid guest troubled her comfortable night. Only Baruch knew—and he only by stealing now and then to the doorway, and reverently listening to the slightest sound from within—only Baruch knew if Ariella slept the strange sleep of health, or ceased the long familiar moan of suffering. Baruch watched till dawn; and when dawn came he prayed.

Ariella awoke quietly. For some moments she lay still; the old expression of patience settled upon her features; she did not try to move. Rachel watched her intently; Baruch quivered without a breathless listener.

"Rachel," called Ariella, "Rachel, I have slept. It is good to be within your walls. Rest iveth here. I know not when I have slept such sleep. Will you come hither and help me, dear Rachel, and bring water that I may bathe my face and comb my arms?"

"There is water in the inner room," answered Rachel, nonchalantly, "and fresh linen and conveniences suitable for a guest. Come in yonder with me and I will show you them."

Ariella stared at her hostess; her large eyes widened with hurt surprise.

"Come!" repeated Rachel, in a firm, motherly tone.

"Oh, I remember!" cried Ariella, "I remember it all. I have put my feet upon the ground. They have borne my weight. I have walked. The Nazarene commanded me and I obeyed. I walked. But that was yesterday."

"And this is to-day," replied Rachel, in a comfortable tone. "Arise, Ariella. Arise and walk." Thus came to Ariella the two commands—that of the divine spirit and that of common life, and they took as they must needs do to the sick the same forms, even the same language. Rachel performed no wonder; she used her good sense, which told her that many a wonder failed, whether for lack of wonder-working power, or of pluck to back it, she could not say and did not care. The point was that Ariella had walked and walk she must. And verily, walk she did.

The girl arose at once. She tottered for a moment; then struck out strongly into the middle of the room, and walked firmly into the adjoining apartment. The linen curtain swayed and fell and hid her. Rachel could hear the little splash of the cool water with which her young guest bathed. She did not offer to help her. She went without and told Baruch that Ariella was as well as other people.

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LOVES OF STATESMEN.

Romantic Courtship of Senators, Diplomats and Representatives.

THE WOMAN WHO MADE REED

How Chief Justice Fuller Became Engaged—President Harrison's Courtship—A War Romance—Cabinet Love Affairs.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—[Special Correspondence.]—Every man in congress has had his romance, and those wise heads that now bob up and down on the waves of legislation have smirked and smiled as they whispered sweet nothings in their fair mistresses' ears. Most of them worked harder for their wives than they work on their speeches, and not a few found the troubles of their courtships greater than the annoyances of office-seekers. Scores of them owe their prominence to their wives, who have pushed them to the front and kept them straight. Ex-Speaker Carlisle is greatly indebted for his success to the blonde beauty who presides over his household, and Sam Randall would never have made his great reputation had it not been for the restraining influences of the little woman who is now watching over his bedside. Thomas B. Reed was hardly in the speaker's chair before delicious stories began to float down from Maine that the man who weighs 300 pounds would politically have weighed nothing if it had not been for his plucky, pretty wife. She was Susan Merrill, daughter of a New Hampshire minister, and married "Tom" when he had hardly confidence enough in himself to propose to her. He was a big, awkward school teacher then, and it was her courage that induced him to study law and finally to enter politics. His Maine neighbors say he owes his whole career to the little woman who is so proud of him to-day.

LOVE AFFAIR OF THE CHIEF JUSTICE.

Then there is the chief justice of the United States. Who denies that he owes his high office to his wife? When he met years ago Susan Coolbaugh, the daughter of a wealthy Chicagoan over twenty years ago, he was an ambitious young politician caring more to make a political speech than to plead a case at law. He was flying around to all the county conventions nominating this one and seconding the nomination of that one when Miss Coolbaugh came across his path. Would she marry him? Yes, if he would give up politics and stick to the law. He was enough in love to recognize her superior wisdom and he forthwith gave up politics and devoted himself to the profession of which he is now the head.

"I told him I should never marry a politician," is the way Mrs. Fuller describes the veering in her husband's career.

AN IDYL FROM JAPAN.

Japan can offer an equally conclusive tale of a man's career depending upon his wife. The little brown woman from Japan whom every one learned to love last winter and whose departure was so much regretted, was the "making" of M. Mutsu. He was a widower with two sons when he married her, and shortly after the wedding he was imprisoned by his government for his liberal sentiments. All the years he was in prison his fragile wife cared for his sons and sent what encouragement she could to him. When the government became more liberal and gave him his liberty he found a courageous woman waiting who urged him to take an active part in the new government. He became prominent, was sent to this country as minister but never forgot the brown-eyed girl who let her youth pass in waiting. Yes, men owe much to their wives, and it is interesting to find out why and when and how women married as they did. Take the calm matrons who rule Washington society. If one catches them aright they will blushingly confess to a bit of romance tucked away somewhere in their lives.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S COURTSHIP.

"There was none at all in our marriage," was the laughing rejoinder of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, when I asked her for her romance. "We just stood before my father and he married us. There was no climbing down a ladder, no secreting notes in trees, nothing that goes to make up a romantic marriage." I had known Mr. Harrison three years, for he was a student at the college in Oxford, O., and I was in the seminary of which my father was president.

"Our age? Well, that was a bit romantic," she acknowledged, with a laugh. "We were both 20 and we had not much to start with. Although I had a reluctance I had an awakening," she continued. "My mother always wanted me to learn everything about housekeeping, and I always said, 'Oh, I'll never need to do that.' Much to my distaste I learned to prepare a dinner, bake bread and mend. I had been married a year and was living in a little house in Indianapolis when my mother visited me. She said very little until she was about to leave, and then quite dryly remarked: 'I see, my dear, you have been able to make use of some of the things you learned.'"

Mrs. Harrison laughed as heartily as a school girl at the recollection, and said proudly: "Even at this day I can go into a kitchen and prepare a dinner from the lessons I learned then. A wife was a housewife then, for men rose more slowly than they do now."

CABINET LOVE STORIES.

The ladies of the cabinet were romantic "when they were girls." They all married young, save Mrs. Miller and her reason for waiting I will tell later. Two of them Mrs. Blaine and Mrs. Windom, were teaching school when they met their husbands. All know how Hadriet Stanwood, the plucky Maine girl, went to Kentucky to do what then was an extraordinary feat, to "earn her living;" how the same need sent the young Pennsylvanian, James G. Blaine, to the same village, and how the two exiles soon fell in love and married. There are several Kentuckians in Washington who went to school to them, and they all say Miss Stanwood was a handsome, high-spirited girl. Two of their pupils were W. C. P. Breckenridge and wife.

Strange to say the Blaine children have all married almost as romantically as their father and mother. They say that Dr. Emmons Blaine was in love with Miss Anita McCormick three years before he gained courage to ask her to marry him, and that so lover-like a lover is rarely seen, and every one knows that the marriage of Margaret Blaine and the Musician Damrosch will have a fine background of romance.

MRS. SECRETARY WINDOM.

Mrs. Windom was a graduate of Mount Holyoke, and, like many another Massachusetts girl of that day, went to the "far West" to teach. She settled at the little village of Mount Vernon, and a year before her arrival there came to the same village a young lawyer, William Windom by name. He rose rapidly for those days and within two years was prosecuting attorney for Knox county. Such success assured his future, and Miss Hatch, the Massachusetts school teacher, soon changed from the school room to the little cottage which still stands in Mount Vernon.

Secretary Noble had gone way out to Iowa before he journeyed back to Connecticut to marry the attractive girl he had wooed before he started out to make his fortune. She was Miss Halstead, the daughter of a successful physician.

Mrs. Miller was 25 years old when she married, but she had been engaged to the young lawyer many years. First he had to struggle to gain his law education, and then when they were about to marry he entered the army, and there was another long wait. They married just before the close of the war at the little village of Maumee, which at that time was expected to take Toledo's place and be the largest city in Northwestern Ohio.

HOW W. C. P. BRECKENRIDGE MADE LOVE.

Mrs. W. C. P. Breckenridge, "the woman with the Madonna face," has a bit of history that is as sad as it is lovely. Her romance and trouble came after she married the handsome Kentuckian. They had been married, but a few months when the civil war broke out. Now old "Joe" Breckenridge was known throughout Kentucky as a staunch Union man, and when his son "Willie" entered the Confederate ranks he vowed that he would never forgive him. There was a pitiful parting between the young couple, and it was doubly full of woe as the bride, being alone in the world, must needs live with her father-in-law until the cruel war was over. She herself was a Southern girl, and all her sympathies were with her lover husband.

As time went on old Joe Breckenridge became more embittered toward his son, and daily he made his young daughter-in-law feel her dependent position. When the war closed she was as beautiful a woman, but her face had gained lines of sadness which it has never lost. The husband has never forgotten his wife's loyalty and devotion, and one of the prettiest sights at the capital is to see the patrician-looking Breckenridge, the "silver-tongued" walking with his sweet-faced wife, for they act like lovers.

MRS. LOGAN AND THE GENERAL.

What an old-time flavor Mrs. John A. Logan's romance has. She was the eldest of thirteen children and says quite naively that she married early because she did not love the position of eldest sister in a large family.

"It meant almost as much as a mother in those days," said she, "and so I married, although I was only 17. But I was older than girls of to-day are at that age, for I had always been my father's companion."

The wooing o' it in this case was idyllic, for Mary Cunningham, the Illinois maiden, was beautiful and the young lawyer, John A. Logan, handsome and dashing.

DEACON WHITE AND HIS SWEETHEART.

Mrs. S. V. White, the wife of Brooklyn's ex-congressman, was another Illinois girl, who married young "Deacon" White, who was then the son of a poor Illinois farmer, and he had known his future wife from the time she was a little girl. They were engaged when she was still in short dresses, but then, as she says, her long dresses were made by herself when she started out at 16 to teach a district school.

JULIUS CÆSAR SERVED THREE YEARS.

Mrs. Congressman Burrows, of Michigan, tells a pretty tale of where she met and loved her husband. He was teaching school in Kalamazoo, and among his pupils was dark-eyed Lizzie Peck, daughter of a wealthy farmer who still lives twelve miles out of Kalamazoo. He fell in love with her and wanted to marry at once, but her father heard of the affair and sent her off to a private school. He was a wise old fellow, this Farmer Peck, and did not forbid the marriage, but quite indulgently agreed to let it take place when his daughter had finished her education. She was away three years, and instead of marrying the schoolgirl of 17 J. C. Burrows married the woman of 20. He had in the meantime gone from schoolteaching to the law, and Farmer Peck had much more respect for the law than the beggarly school-teaching.

HOW SENATOR SPOONER SPOONED.

Amie Main, of Madison, Wis., has no intention of marrying when she met John C. Spooner, the rising young lawyer of her native place. She had an exceptionally fine voice and had spent two years in Chicago studying music, hoping that she might one day be able to go on the stage and sing in grand opera. She was about to realize her dreams when she made a visit to her home, found that the lad she used to know was a thriving, prosperous lawyer, and, instead of "treading the boards," within the year she presided over her own home. She has never sung at anything but private entertainments, as she gave up her promised career when she married.

HOW ELIJAH HALFORD POPPED THE QUESTION.

There is a neat little romance hidden away back in the love of Private Secretary Elijah N. Halford and wife. Before she was married Mrs. Halford was a great singer. She had an exceptional soprano voice, and when she found it necessary to care for herself, she begged her father to let her go to Indianapolis and accept an offer which had been made to her to sing in a church choir. With some fear he consented and off the young girl, scarcely 18, started to make fame and fortune. Standing next her in the choir was a young printer whom everybody liked and called "Lige." He sung bass and she sung soprano and oftentimes there were not books enough to go around and they were forced to look on the same page. After a time "Lige" called incidentally at his way to choir practice and often walked home in the early evening. In a short time they grew to be very good friends and never thought any more of singing from different hymn books. One night they were hopefully chanting the hopeless dirge, "The Oil ran down Aaron's Beard" and when the soprano lily-tonously sung "the oil, the oil, the oil ran down," "Lige" pecked over the hymn book and whispered "will you marry me?"

The little soprano struggled pluckily on until the basses took up the heavy refrain "down Aaron's beard, down, down Aaron's beard, Aaron's beard," and then she whispered, "Barkis is willin'," and two voices dropped out of the final windings up of the old anthem.

THREE DAYS ON BREAD AND WATER.

The acknowledged beauty of the diplomatic corps is Madame Gusman, wife of the Nicaraguan minister. Her tale of love is a romance. She was the only daughter of Mr. Ewing, a stern Quaker of Philadelphia, and when she was but sixteen she met Horacio Guzman, a young Spaniard, who was attending college in the city of Brotherly Love. They will both say that love at first sight is not a myth, for twenty-four hours after they met the Spaniard was sighing in true Castilian fashion beneath her window. The father soon learned the state of affairs, and when the maiden refused to give up her lover he forthwith locked her in her room, himself handing in the bread and water, which was her diet for three long days. The gallant Nicaraguan, by means of a flying bit of paper, discovered the plight of his lady love, and many were the consolatory messages sent through the trim maid. The daughter did not relent and the bread and water diet continued for a week. At the end of that time Mr. Ewing accepted the situation after the fashion of an outwitted Quaker, and "made no war" on his enemies. He consented to their marriage, and, it is said, grew in time to admire his son-in-law.

HOW MILLIONAIRE FLOWER'S DAUGHTER BECAME ENGAGED.

There are two love affairs of this season that are going to have a sad effect on the matrimonial question. Mothers never mention their own little romances to their daughters, but here we have two most idyllic but totally impracticable affairs occurring in the heighth of the season—two daughters of millionaires marrying penniless young men. The girls heads are completely turned, by the sacrifice of ducats to romance and many a slumber affair may be expected within the year.

First of all is the tryst of the year 1889, the marriage of Emma Gertrude Flower to John Bayard Taylor, of Watertown, N. Y. Now Miss Flower will one day have four millions and her husband has only what he earns by his own efforts, but all the marriages made by American girls and foreign princes will not turn out as happily as this for it is founded on genuine love. Miss Flower met Mr. Taylor while visiting relatives at Watertown. It was a case of love at first sight. When she went back to New York she told her father and her mother and they remonstrated, as she was only 18, had not even made her début and had beyond her the seductive prospect of a winter in Washington. It was all in vain and the father acknowledged that his young daughter was wiser than older people when she said: "Of course, papa. I can marry a club man, but I want to marry a man whom I shall see once in a while and who will love me better than his club, his horses or his dogs;" the sweetest sentiment in the world, and it carried the day, for Mr. Flower had not forgotten that he too had started life as a poor man. January 24 they were married, and even the mothers said it was the prettiest wedding ever seen at the capital, although I beg you to believe they still want their daughters to marry clubmen.

ANOTHER SEMI-DIPLOMATIC COURTSHIP.

The second one that is turning the marriages conveyances topsy-turvy is that of Miss Eleanor Foster, the daughter of ex-Minister John W. Foster, to Mr. Lansing, a lawyer from the same favored village of Watertown. Miss Foster has been one of the most beautiful and courted of Washington's society belles, and not a few epauletted dandies were chagrined that she married a poor young lawyer in preference to one of them. She has had wonderful social advantages, as her father was minister to three courts.

MISS GRUNDY, JR.

OF EDWIN FORREST.

Extracts from the Century's Autobiography of Jefferson.

AN UNLUCKY NIGHT'S EPISODE

The Trouble Began With the Mistakes of the Property Man and Only Ended When the Curtain Fell.

Joseph Jefferson's recollections of Edwin Forrest (forming a part of "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson") is one of the entertaining features of the midwinter number of *The Century* magazine, which will be issued February 1. Four portraits of the famous tragedian accompany the article—two representing him in costume and two as he appeared off the stage.

Mr. Jefferson describes Forrest as a handsome fellow, with the form of an Apollo and strength of a Hercules; his deep, musical voice under perfect control, and, in pathetic scenes, full of tears.

"During my long professional life I met him frequently," adds Mr. Jefferson, "and I should say that much of his unhappiness—for he was a very unhappy man—came from an irritable temper, under little control."

From advance sheets of this article we quote the following—an amusing illustration of Forrest's ungovernable temper:

"At the conclusion of the Richmond engagement," writes Mr. Jefferson, "the company journeyed to Washington, where we were to open with Forrest as Metamora—a character that he detested, and one that the public admired. Forrest was always in a state of intense irritation during the rehearsal and performance of this drama. Irregularities that he would have overlooked under ordinary circumstances were now magnified to an enormous size; so that when he donned the buckskin shirt and stuck the hunting knife of the American savage in his wampum belt he was ready to scalp any offending actor who dared to cross his path. The copper colored liquid with which he stained his cheeks might literally have been called 'war paint.'

"At the rehearsal the poor property man, old Jake Search, got into a dreadful state of nervousness, and everything went wrong. The tragedian naturally held me, as stage manager, responsible for these accidents, particularly as the unlucky Jake would conceal himself behind set pieces, or mysteriously disappear through traps as each mishap occurred. In the midst of this dreadful confusion, principally brought about by his own ill humor, Forrest turned on me, saying that he would not act that night, and strode out of the theater. I hurried through the front of the house, and heading him off in the alley addressed him, as nearly as I can remember, in the following words:

"'Mr. Forrest, before you decide upon this step let me state an important fact, that perhaps has not crossed your mind.' He saw I was in earnest, and stopped short to listen as I resumed: 'Mr. Ford, the manager, is absent, so I must take his responsibility to the public on myself. The blunders on the stage this morning have been unfortunate, perhaps culpable, but you must pardon me for saying that your excited manner and somewhat unreasonable demands have contributed not a little to confuse the company and bring about this disorder. But be that as it may, there is still another and more important matter to consider. Every seat in the theatre is taken for to-night; the audience will crowd the house in expectation of a great dramatic treat, to which they have been looking forward for some time.

"'If you decline to act, and so break your contract with the public, what course is left for me? Why, only this: I must wait for the vast concourse of people to assemble, and then go before them and explain the reason of your non-appearance. I shall have to make a clear statement of the case, and say that you have refused to act because there were some slight discrepancies and irregularities in the rehearsal. The public are, you know, quite unreasonable when their diversion is checked, and it is likely that they will be indignant at the disappointment, failing to see the reason as clearly as you may have done. Now, consider for a moment. Under these circumstances will it not be more magnanimous in you to overlook the shortcomings and go on with the rehearsal?'

"He paused for a moment and said: 'I will not go back to the rehearsal. I am too much excited, and my presence on the stage would only make matters worse; but if you will see that details are attended to, I will act to-night.'

"I promised to do so, and we parted. I was only too glad to get rid of him on those terms, in his then intemperate state of mind. I went back to the stage and dismissed the rehearsal, cautioning the actors to do what they could to render the night's performance creditable. I now began to think up the delinquent and frightened property man, Jake Search—an appropriate name for a fellow who needed so much looking after—and discovered him hiding under a pile of old scenery. 'Is he gone?' said Search. 'Yes,' I answered, 'but he will return to-night, so see that your properties are in good condition, or he will be the death of you.'

"The night came and matters progressed favorably until the council scene. One of the characters here, being overcome with nervousness, reversed his questions to Metamora, giving the wrong lines, and, of course, receiving an absurd answer. The audience, recognizing the confusion of the dialogue, began to laugh, and of course this made matters worse. The act terminates with the Indian's great speech. 'From the east to the west, from the north to the south, the loud cry of vengeance shall be heard,' and here he hurls his knife into the center of the stage, where it quivers, a defiance as the curtain falls. In his anger and excitement the blade failed to stick in the stage and bounded into the orchestra, the handle hitting the double bass on the top of his head, which was as innocent of hair as a billiard ball, so as the curtain came down the old fellow was stamping about and rubbing his bald pate to the delight of the audience.

"I realized now that the storm had burst in earnest, and that a total wreck would soon follow. Knowing that I could not avert the catastrophe, and having no desire to face the tragedian's wrath, like a poor but disloyal captain I deserted the ship and went in front to see it go down. Byron says of a battle, 'Oh, what a sight to him who has no friend or brother there!' to which Prentice adds, 'and is not there himself.' The latter was now my case. I was out there myself, and I did not intend to be, so from the second corner of an upper private box I watched the progress of the most disastrous performance I had ever seen.

"As the curtain rises on the last act the tribe of Metamora should rush through the woods as their leader calls them; but by this time the braves were so frightened that they had become demoralized, and as the foremost rushed through the opening in the woods his long bow got crosswise between two trees. This not only precipitated the redskins over it, but the entire tribe followed, tumbling head over heels into the middle of the stage. I trembled now lest the 'big Injun' would refuse to put in an appearance. At last, to my relief, the audience quieted down and Forrest strode upon the stage. It I remember the story, at this point Metamora's wife and children had been stolen away and murdered. His pathos was fine, and by his magnificent acting he reduced his audience to attention and enthusiasm. All was now going well, and I looked forward to a happy termination of the play, which I was thankful to know had nearly reached its climax.

"A funereal pile of burning fagots was then brought on, at which some pale face was to be sacrificed. The two Indians in charge of this mysterious looking article set it down so unsteadily that a large sponge, saturated with flaming alcohol, tumbled off and rolled down the stage, leaving a track of fire in its wake. 'Put it out!' said Forrest, 'put it out!' whereupon the two Indians went down on their knees and began to blow alternately in a seesaw way, singeing each other's eyebrows at every puff. The audience could not stand this comical picture, and began to break forth in laughter. 'Let the theater burn!' roared Forrest.

"At last one tall Indian, supposed to be second in command, majestically waved off the two who were blowing, and stamped his foot with force and dignity upon the flaming sponge, at which a perfect fountain of burning alcohol spouted up his leather legs. He caught fire, tried to put himself out, rubbing and jumping about frantically, and at last danced off the stage in the most comical agony. Forrest made a furious exit; the curtain was dropped, and the public, in perfect good nature, dispersed. I mingled with the crowd as it went forth, and I never saw an audience, at the end of a five-act comedy, wreathed in such smiles."

SPOKANE MEN IN THE EAST.

How a New York Writer Views Northwestern Men and Affairs.

The new state of Washington is represented in New York just now, says Ben Abou in the New York *Press* of February 8, by two of her wealthiest and most representative citizens, A. M. Cannon and J. J. Browne, of Spokane Falls. The city of Spokane is the metropolis of Western Washington, and has about 25,000 inhabitants. Mr. Cannon went there nearly twenty-five years ago, when it was only an Indian trading station in the wilderness. He had been a Chicago business man, a member of the Board of Trade there, had become afflicted with pulmonary trouble and gone to Portland for his health. Thence he went into the interior and located at Spokane as a small trader. The falls at this point are said to have as fine a water power as at St. Paul or Minneapolis. Mr. Cannon has lived to see the Northern Pacific road built through his place and six other roads constructed to tap the surrounding country. The rich Coeur d'Alene and Colville mining regions make Spokane their center of trade, and he has become worth from $20,000,000 to $25,000,000. He is president of two national banks, vice president of two others, and has promoted railroads and business enterprises without number. His visit to New York is to equip and furnish a $300,000 opera house he and Mr. Browne have built within a year.

Mr. Cannon's personal appearance is striking by reason of his long, full and snow white beard, which gives him the appearance of venerability, but not of senile old age. He is, indeed, a vigorous man, yet in his prime. He is soft spoken and courteous in manner, and modest in speaking of his great success in life. He said to me only yesterday: "You hear talk about the large fortunes that have been made by some of us in the West, but I can tell you that the reward has not come without great sacrifices and long endurance. The older men of the West, like Hauser and Bonner of Montana, myself and Browne, and others I could name went through untold suffering before we began to reap the reward. If we are rich we have paid for our wealth long ago."

Mr. Cannon's New York banking correspondent is the Western National. When Conrad N. Jordan first met at the head of the bank he knew of Mr. Cannon only through the banking paper that passed through his hands. Mr. Cannon came on here last year to settle accounts with some of his customers who were New Yorkers. In one day he banked $40,000, and the next $77,000. Some one said to Mr. Jordan later that Mr. Cannon was a pretty big man out West. "He's a pretty big man in New York, I can tell you," said Mr. Jordan. "It is not many New Yorkers can deposit $117,000 in two days."

Mr. Browne is a lawyer, and while he is a long-time business associate with Mr. Cannon they are opponents in politics. Mr. Browne is a democrat, and would probably have gone to the United States senate if the democrats had carried Washington. Mr. Cannon is a stanch republican, but has no political aspirations. He says that Washington will always be republican, and that the new states will all be solidly republican in 1892. Mr. Browne has talked with one more about the development of the country about Spokane. He said yesterday: "The Coeur d'Alene mining region turns out to be a greater silver than gold region. They take out $10 of silver to $1 of gold. The same is true of the Colville range. One has galena ores, and the other the ordinary silver ores, so that combined they make the proper flux. There is a new mining region about 120 miles west and northwest of Spokane which will soon be opened up. The railroad now runs to within forty miles of it. The seven railroads that run into Spokane make it the commercial center of the entire western portion of Washington and have made the place grow very rapidly for five or six years. D. C. Corbin, brother of Austin Corbin, is just completing a new road 100 miles long into the Colville country.

JUMPED BEFORE THE TRAIN.

Horrible Suicide of a Poor Man on the New York Elevated Road.

A shabbily-dressed man, upon whose pallid and sunken cheeks a ten days' growth of black hair, tinged with gray formed a hedge, says the New York *Evening Sun*, wearily climbed up the stairs leading to the down-town station of the Sixth avenue elevated road at Eighth street a few minutes before 11 o'clock this morning. Travel at this point was at its flood, and the man went up with the crowd. A nickle taken from a well worn and greasy leather purse for the purpose of paying his fare reduced the amount in the leathern receptacle to 10 cents. The little old white-whiskered man who tends the ticket chopping machine paid no more attention to the man, except to notice how pale he was, and what wretched looking garments covered him.

The crowd on the platform increased, and presently the guard shouted his hoarse warning of an approaching train. Then the futility of the dispute make no diminution of the interest. If it did, what would become of all our heated political campaigns? And I suppose the papers will continue to report divorce suits and prize fights on to the end of the chapter, and people of refinement go on being scandalized.

But why will sensible people persist in a frantic endeavor to reconcile the obstinate oil and waters of ideality and fact? Not content with the sweeping declaration that whatever is, is right, they go on thinking that whatever ought to be must be. Granted that a newspaper ought to be the conservator of morals, how does that militate against the proposition that it is being run for money and will do what pays it best? The physical advancement of the age demands one thing and the sensibilities of the spirit demand another. It is idle for the publisher, on the one hand, to claim that in conforming to the necessities of the material he is serving the spiritual or for the cultivated reader, on the other, to seek to change the world of fact by the level of spiritual conviction. We must make up our minds to worship our ideals and deal with the real. By the division of labor, one man works a lifetime doing nothing but fitting mainsprings in a watch factory. All else is to him an unknown field of knowledge. The narrow rut he works in is fatal to a broadening of the faculties. But this sad condition is required by the necessity for cheap watches.

Do not, my scientist, attempt to maintain that this arrangement is as good for the man as a more varied employment. And you of the Dante and Browning club, do not beat out your wings by trying to work a reformation.

Let the newspaper alone; it must publish the news. Let Mr. Wood alone; he knows that accounts of prize fights and divorce suits and man's crimes and woman's weakness creep into homes with the breath and slime of a serpent. Only remember there is a difference between what is best and what must be.

I went down to see the Union Pacific's delayed trains come in. How the bells rang and the whistles screamed for joy! There is something inspiring to me in the machinery of a great railroad corporation, thousands of men and millions of wheels guided by one master mind. There is management for you! But some say it is good luck. This road has good luck, that one bad. No, it is skill and judgment. It is management. It is cheaper to hold a train till daylight than to run it into a snowslide at night. It is safer to patrol a dangerous place than to have the employers, passengers, mail and coaches plunged from a broken trestle. We do not need lucky men to run our railroads; we need men of judgment and experience.

How people are running after false gods! Tell me, madam, has the favorite novelist upon whom you dote, the spiritual vision of Shelley, or the tenderness of Irving, or the nobility of Milton? Does he, think you, instil into your children's mind, that homage for the great and good which those who sit at the feet of the masters can never lose, wherever they may stray?

Believe me, there are not enough of your new born novels to fill as large and useful a place in the mind of youth as Gray's "Elegy," Wordsworth's immortal "Ode," or Irving's soliloquy at Westminster. You do not think so? Certainly not. And it is best you should not. Many thousand toilers find their daily bread by making these same books you cry for. So, while the papers pander to the public's depraved taste, and Shakespeare and Dante gather dust upon the shelf, and Pan forsakes the grove, duty and friendship are as loyal as ever, and the questioner of the Sphinx still asks in vain.

SCHOPENHAUER.

SUNDAY LAY SERMONS.

Brief Discourses on Things Literary and Otherwise

A RECORD OF PRIVATE OPINION

False Gods in Literature—Newspaper Comment and Inquiry—Charity for the Dead—About Railroads and Weather.

If I were to be tried for my life on the memory of the oldest inhabitant, I should at once plead guilty, and end the suspense. The value of cumulative evidence has no bearing on the varied nature of the accounts which pioneers hand down to us of their earlier exploits, misfortunes and observations. I remember that Professor Hawthorne of the State University once told me of a remarkable instance of the trenchery of the oldest inhabitant's memory. His duties called him at that time to keep a record of the various phenomena of the weather; and on a certain 10th day of May he had to record the presence of frost in the air. This circumstance was the subject of much deprecation by a venerable and altogether veracious oldest inhabitant, who assured the professor that in all his long years of observation there had not been frost there as late as that. On looking up the meteorological records, the professor found that on the 10th of May the preceding year there had been frost.

You can draw two useful morals from the professor's story. First, let your outward manifestations of respect to the oldest inhabitant's freshest reminiscences be paralleled internally by a suspension of belief. Be assured, moreover, of the value of a record of scientific observations.

When a man dies, shall he be eulogized merely because he is dead?

I read often an eloquent tribute to some departed one, who when alive inspired no admiration, or affection, or perhaps ever respect. The custom appears to me of doubtful utility.

The treatment which the dead receive at our hands is chiefly valuable, if valuable at all, for its lessons to the living. The burial service of a devoted wife and mother, of one whose hand and heart and voice made all who knew her better by her ministries, how eloquently it urges to love and labor and human kindness!

It is pleasant, of course, to ascribe virtues to the dead. We dislike to treasure a thought of his weakness, his unmanliness, his parsimony, his self-indulgence, his idleness. But is it honest to say, "A better man never lived?" The vital objection to it is, no I have said, the lesson to the living. Men are living grasping and dishonest lives, who want to be called just and kind when they are gone. So, when one of their tribe passes away, they shake their heads and say: "Poor John, he's gone. He was a good man at heart, though he had his eccentricities." Oh, you whited sepulcher, you are thinking of yourself! No, I cannot agree with you. He was a mean old skinflint, and has died the death you will die, unless you mend your ways!

To squander one's youth in self-indulgence is a sin against our common humanity which has no possible expiation. No physician can restore the bloom of youth, the vigor of mind, the untired buoyancy of frame which a sober youth bequeaths to manhood. Hundreds of young men walk with their companions in the ways of indulgence and over his grave they do not say, "What a wreck. Let us take warning!" But murmur to each other, "Poor John! He was a good boy—never wronged anybody, generous, affectionate and brave!" Society, alas, seems ready to chime in. What we say about John will have no effect upon him, but its teachings to his companions will not be unheeded. An honored grave is only due to an honored life.

I love the drama's glowing page
Where strength and beauty shine;
Where hope and joy, despair and rage,
Inform the perfect line.
With Lear to rave, with Hamlet fret,
With Rosalind to jest,
Are dearer unto my heart, and yet
I love the lyric best.

I love the epic's joy and fear
Where Greeks and Trojans die;
The words that come to Milton's ear,
The scenes to Dante's eye.
Brave deeds of old and far away,
I make their memory mine,
But homage from the heart I pay
The lyric's lowlier shrine.

I love to bow beneath the bell
Where Pope or Wordsworth preach;
I love to learn the lessons well
My Emerson doth teach;
I love to hear the solemn peal,
In Wisdom's ways divine;—
But slowly for their truths I feel
The lyric's lowlier line.

Give me gray ocean's threnody,
The south wind's sigh from far,
The whippoorwill's murmuring melody
And twilight's steadfast star.
The lyric of Spring's glad release,
Of Summer's cloudless shine,
Of Autumn's prime and Winter's peace,—
The lyric shall be mine.

Give me the hymns of holy lays,
The dirge o'er Homer's grave,
The clarion of chivalrous heroic lays,
The paeans of the brave.
Sing me of love that wins its own,
Sing me of love's despair,
Come down the drama from the throne,
And set the lyric there!

I was much interested in the discussion opened by Mr. Wood on the subject of newspaper comment, and in Judge Shattuck's remarks on the same question. Of course the futility of the dispute make no diminution of the interest. If it did, what would become of all our heated political campaigns? And I suppose the papers will continue to report divorce suits and prize fights on to the end of the chapter, and people of refinement go on being scandalized.

But why will sensible people persist in a frantic endeavor to reconcile the obstinate oil and waters of ideality and fact? Not content with the sweeping declaration that whatever is, is right, they go on thinking that whatever ought to be must be. Granted that a newspaper ought to be the conservator of morals, how does that militate against the proposition that it is being run for money and will do what pays it best? The physical advancement of the age demands one thing and the sensibilities of the spirit demand another. It is idle for the publisher, on the one hand, to claim that in conforming to the necessities of the material he is serving the spiritual or for the cultivated reader, on the other, to seek to change the world of fact by the level of spiritual conviction. We must make up our minds to worship our ideals and deal with the real. By the division of labor, one man works a lifetime doing nothing but fitting mainsprings in a watch factory. All else is to him an unknown field of knowledge. The narrow rut he works in is fatal to a broadening of the faculties. But this sad condition is required by the necessity for cheap watches.

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How people are running after false gods! Tell me, madam, has the favorite novelist

To create an appetite, and give tone to the digestive apparatus, use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

OLD DUTCH LOVE SONG.

[Paraphrase of Gerbrand Brederode—1620.]

I am not rich, and yet my wealth
Surpasseth human measure;
My store untold
Is not of gold
Nor any sordid treasure.
Let this one hound his worldly pelf,
Another court ambition—
Not for a throne
Would I disown
My poor and proud condition!
The worldly gain achieved to-day
To-morrow may be flying—
The gifts of kings
Are fleeting things—
The gifts of Love undying!
In her I love's all thy wealth—
For her my sole endeavor;
No heart, I ween,
Hath fairer queen,
No love such homage, ever!
London, Jan. 13, 1890. —*Eugene Field.*

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

Original contributions and solutions solicited from all. Contributions should be written on one side on the paper. All communications for this department should be addressed, Puzzle Editor, OREGONIAN, Portland, Or.

SOLUTIONS TO NO. 4 III.

No. 1.—Fet—ge.

No. 2.—
C A S A R C A
A V E N E R S
S E A N C E S
A N N O T T O
K E C T I O N
C R E T O S E
A S S O N E T

No. 3.—Inconnu.

No. 4.—
M
C A M
T O R A H
T A N K I A S
C O N D E N S E R
M A R K E T S T E A D
M A I N S A I L S
H A S T I L Y
S E E L Y
K A S
D

No. 5.—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

No. 6.—
B O M B A S T
O R I E N T E
M I N S T E R
B E S T O R M
A N T O I N E
S T E R N E R
T E R M E R S

No. 7.—Pen-man-ship.

No. 8.—
D
C I D
F A R E S
F O R I M E S
C A R A B I N E S
D I R I B I T O R E S
D E M I T O N E S
S E N O N E S
S E R E S
S E S
S

NEW PUZZLES.—NO. IV.

No. 1.—Quadruple Letter Enigma.

Now cast a "visual" glance around,
Ye posers all aghast;
"Amor vincit omnia" has found
The "total thing" at last!
Minneapolis, Minn. —TOWNHEAD.

No. 2.—Square.

1. A salic, concrete juice. 2. Old. 3. Essential elements. 4. A lawyer who makes a plea in a court of justice. 5. Occupying. 6. A village of Bedford, Pa. To discuss over again.
Lynn, Mass. —A. F. HOLM.

No. 3.—Charade.

If you've a home, no matter where,
Look on the floor. What see you there?
A first it's not, for that's to slide in;
It's not a *last*, for that you've pride in;
So look again, and look with care,
You'll see a *total* lying there.
Portland, Or. —D'ELMARANO.

No. 4.—Pentagon.

1. A letter. 2. A parish of North Wales. 3. A glass vessel. 4. Sang. 5. A hog-sty (Prov. Eng.). 6. Purple beauty. 7. A genus of short-footed lizards. 8. Beaten (obs.). 9. A group of islands off the coast of Scilly.
Philadelphia, Pa. —CLOVES.

No. 5.—Curtailed Decapitation.

I saw her go by,
The school girl so neat;
I saw her go by
With a nod as fie that *all* sweet,
And the look in her eye
Told a puny bath feet;
I saw her go by,
The school girl so neat.
Blythedale, Col. —LYNCEUS.

No. 6.—Square.

1. A town of Karaman, Turkey, in Asia. 2. Subjecters. 3. To consecrate (Obs.). 4. A shovel with a turned-up edge. 5. A town of Huelva, Spain. 6. Relating to plants. 7. A kind of knife or dagger.
Santa Fe, N. M. —ELDER.

No. 7.—Charade.

A boy *first last* his Derby tile,
While hunting in the thickets;
A girl *one two* her turban while
Leaning against the pickets.
No man *first final* beats of steel,
Whatever his profession.
Until *complete*, they softened feel,
All ready for impression.
St. Joseph, Mo. —MAUDE.

No. 8.—Half Square.

1. The divinity of an apostle. 2. Born after the death of the father. 3. A hernia in which the sac is cartilaginous and bony. 4. A substance obtained from stearic acid. 5. Swedish philosopher and poet, 1793-1832 (Bi.). 6. Village of Italy, in Aquila. 7. To correct. 8. Unmurdered. 9. A shouting. 11. A verb. 11. A letter.
Alpha, N. Y. —REX FOLD.

No. 9.—Charade.

There love is more than mad desire,
Is never placed upon the mart,
Nor counterfeit by lips of liar;
The glory of the heart's
Last!—*Complete.*

There friendship is a thing of truth,
One object for a selfish gain,
Inspiring Eld with heart of youth,
An ever-linking chain:
Last!—*Complete.*

There purity's a thing of might,
Before whose stainless, virgin brow,
The tide of man shuts his lips of blight,
Even too damned to bow:
Last!—*Complete* —ERNEST.
S. Weymouth, Mass.

PRIZES.

For the first complete list of solutions, six months' subscription to THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN; for the best incomplete list, the dictionary of three-letter words; for the next best list, *Puzzlecraft*, three months; for the first solution to No. 1 or 2, 5, 7 or 9, a suitable prize.

Solutions to puzzles in this number will appear next week; solvers and prize winners will be announced in four weeks.

PALAVER.

With our next issue we begin the distribution of prizes to the successful solvers.....Acting upon our suggestion in a previous issue, Roxy has sent us a neat little charade which will be published next week. We would be pleased to receive more of her work.....No. 6 is one of a batch sent us by the champion formist. We are not opposed to the obs., friend Ebert, but we have a preference for pure forms, and your willingness to supply them should be followed by speed